TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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In the Workshop of a Nobel Prize Novelist

Sinclair Lewis's Art of Work

AN ANALYSIS BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I FIND myself in rather wide disagreement with the reviews I have seen so far of Sinclair Lewis's "Work of Art." It is not another "Babbitt," not even another "Arrowsmith," though in its close reference to a vocation it more resembles this book. It is indeed not a novel at all in the ordinary sense, as will be readily discovered by the reader who will count the number of vital paragraphs that refer to anything outside the hotel business. "Work of Art" is a piece of sheer virtuosity, like "The Man Who Knew Coolidge." It is a perfect example of one occupational strand such as Lewis has woven into his earlier novels, but this time taken out of the weave of the complex of life and stiffened with fact until it stands up alone. Defoe, who was an adept at this sort of thing, though no more skilful than Lewis, did something of the same kind in the middle section of "Moll Flanders," where the thief-prostitute's life gets its classic representation in English literature. Lewis, with his uncanny sense for new significances in current living, has dramatized an institution as characteristic of American life as the circus, and much like one, and has with infinite pains reduced a vast body of expert observation and research into a work of art. I say art, for only an artist could have been successful in such an enterprise, yet his book could be labelled sociology, and (unlike "Babbitt") is probably better sociology than art, since its subject matter is more important than his characters or what happens to them.

Thus "Work of Art" is a particularly interesting example of how a competent craftsman handles his sources. Most of these sources lie undoubtedly in Sinclair Lewis's own experience, but in so technical a subject as hotel keeping he was forced to rely upon expert information. I have been privileged to see both the notebook which contained the summary of his observations and his researches, and the preliminary and the final scenarios for his book. I have been impressed by the almost architectural simplicity of Lewis's notebook. He has an orderly mind and in these relatively few pages, one finds dramatis personæ; a study of the characters to be used; a digest of the background—the infinite complexities of hotel organization summarized by items, with such data as the complete furnishing of an ideal modern hotel room; maps drawn by the author of the Black Thread region with distances carefully noted; and notes upon what might be called the spiritual progress of the story.

Here it is most interesting to find that Lewis's dominating conception of his story was that it should be the tale of an artist who is not an escapist. This explains of course the dual character of the narrative, which clearly at the beginning was intended to be a twentieth century version of Hogarth's idle and industrious apprentices. Ora Weagle, the *fin de siècle* poet who became a ghost writer, was to be the idle apprentice, and also the artist who did try to escape from the inconvenient reality about him in order to be a *real* artist, with the result that he became a dealer in bunk and sham, and without ceasing to be supercilious toward the low souls who worked with plumbing, banks, or hotel cooking, took unblushingly the financial rewards of bunk and sham, which in America are sometimes considerable. Myron Weagle, the boy who was determined to learn the hotel business from A to Z, the man who dreamed at night of the perfect hotel and wrote descriptions of his ideal in his private notebook, was to be the virtuous apprentice, and the artist who did *not* try to escape, but who left the purple patches to Ora while he made an art of dish washing, menus, and the amenities of hotel living. But, writes Sinclair Lewis in a questioning paragraph on one of his notebook pages, is not Myron who is always to dream of the perfect hotel and will wreck his fortunes in the attempt to make one, though more honest, just as much of an escapist as Ora? And indeed in the scenario of the novel one finds Myron, who has been reduced after his misfortunes to a little Kansas hotel, which he has made

(*Continued on page* 473)

This Story of a Young Poet, Originally Intended as a Chapter of "Work of Art," is Published Here for the First Time

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

FOR two years after his graduation from Black Thread High School, Ora Weagle seemed unable to find a position that was worthy his talents. He did feel well about the acceptance by the *Christian Advocate*, and he thought not badly of the funny pieces he wrote at a dollar and a half a column for the *Star and Tidings*. Several of them showed up, in a very humorous way, the local drunks and loafers who were arrested. True, most of these had been his intimates, over cans of beer at the livery stable, and they seemed displeased when he exposed to the public the secrets they had told him about wenching and distilling applejack. But what would you? Was he to let his tender private feelings stand in the way of his duty as a journalist?

Yet he was dissatisfied when he dropped down to New Haven to see his brother Myron, in 1902. He was twenty then, and two and a half years out of school.

He was more dissatisfied when he realized that Myron was only a waiter, and apparently content, willing to be shut off from the finer social circles. It was hard on a sensitive young poet, from a fine old New England family, who was thinking about entering Yale, to find that he had a servant for a brother!

But he got even with Myron for his lowness. He discovered that Myron hated a splendid, scholarly chap from their own home town, Herbert Lambkin, who was in Yale. Myron had brutally refused to let Ora see the good Herbert, and so, when he had escaped from Myron's spying chaperonage, Ora called on Herbert, with a hand of gladness.

Herbert was living off the campus, now, in a furnished room which enchanted Ora's literary soul by being littered with books.

True, the books were all from the library.

Herbert Lambkin did not, at first, seem adequately glad to see him. But that did not disturb Ora. Sensitive though he was—he often confided that he "just seemed, somehow, to have one less layer of skin than most folks"—he was gallant enough to stand almost any snubbing when he could get something out of it. He tried to let Herbert understand that, though he might be the brother of Myron, black sheep of the otherwise noble old Weagle family, he himself had been saved by culture, and was in a state of literary sanctification.

"Golly, Herbert," he said, "I certainly envy you being able to pursue all the learning! You're still in law school, aren't you?"

"I am not! I am taking my M.A. in English Lit.!"

"Are you? Are you! Say, that's fine! That's simply swell! I certainly envy you! I always knew you had a natural literary taste."

"Did you? . . . Have a Turkish Trophy?"

Ora was gratified, after humble years of Sweet Caporals, at being able to pick a Turkish cigarette delicately from the gorgeous red-and-golden box (ten cents the package!) and he smoked it esthetically as Herbert grated, "I must say your brother doesn't seem to have much idea about literature and so on and books!"

"Myron? Oh, God! Myron! Say—— Of course I'm loyal to him, and I certainly do admire his industry and all like that, but same time—— It makes me sick to think of him willing to spend his life messing around in kitchen grease and giving the glad hand to any mucker that orders hash! It makes my heart sick, when I think what he *might* be doing—like law or medicine! Poor devil, just never had enough ambition and imagination, I guess, to try to get into college. Think of it! Making butter pats and cleaning windows!"

"And saying 'yes, sir' to drunk freshmen!"

"It certainly is terrible, Bert—Herbert, I mean. Well, I'm not like that. Say, could you tell me—— I'd like to get into Yale. I've been sort of seeing the world since I finished high school—had a lot of very illuminating experiences that I'll tell you about some day—but now I feel it's time for me to really settle down to my academic career and—— Do you happen to have any dope about how a fellow gets a scholarship in Yale?"

"No, and of course you'd have to pass your entrance examinations."

"I will! Trust me! You have no idea how I can work. I'm glad I've had this experimentation with real living life, but now it's time to settle down to the midnight oil and quiet study, I reckon. Could you find out for me about the scholarship business?"

"Well, I'll try."

"Gosh, I'd be awfully grateful! I certainly am proud to know a man that's rejected all this common money-grubbing—doesn't it seem as though that's all the

This Week

THE VICTORIAN AFTERMATH
By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

THE UNFORGOTTEN PRISONER
By R. C. HUTCHINSON
Reviewed by Stanley Went

SOLDIERS—WHAT NEXT!
By KATHERINE MAYO
Reviewed by Roger Burlingame

CULTURE IN THE SOUTH
Edited by W. T. COUCH
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

ALL TRIVIA
By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH
Reviewed by Don Marquis

"EFFENDI"
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

THE POETRY OF KARL MARX
By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

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hicks we know back home seem to think about? Given himself up to the raptures of scholarships, of really *learning* things, instead of drifting along and being a machine and a bourgeois, like Myron. Say, let's go down to the Connecticut Grill and have a little drink."

"Well——"

Ora reflected that he could not afford it. But then. He could always borrow the money from Myron.

He started off with Herbert Lambkin, giggling in his most celebrated mood of fantastic wit: "Probably we'll run into my maître d'hôtel of a brother there, and be able to profit by his skilled knowledge of champagne wine and pigs' knuckles! Certainly is great to have a real connewser in the family!"

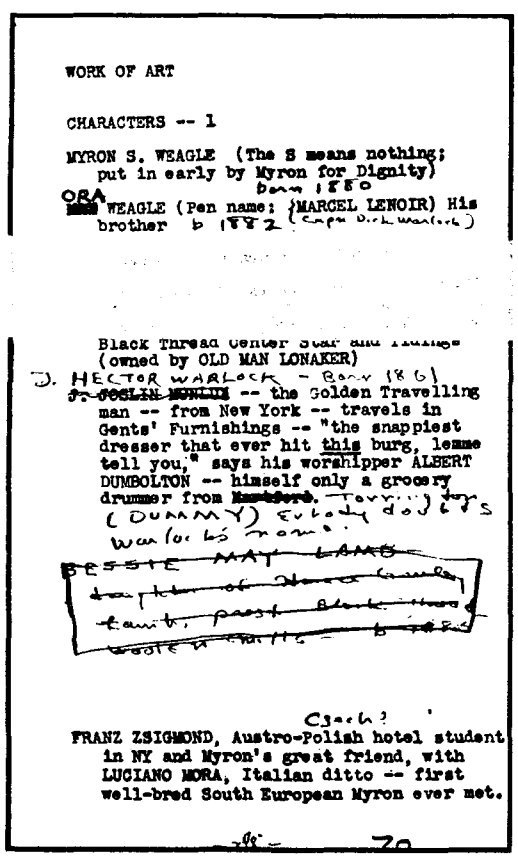
When Ora left his brother, ostensibly for the Black Thread train at ten in the evening, he was thoughtfully insistent that poor tired Myron should not accompany him to the station.

That was because he was not going to catch any such train.

He had an engagement to meet Herbert Lambkin at eleven, and with him visit the generous ladies down on Prindley Alley. He felt that Myron might not appreciate generous ladies.

And for an hour he wanted to be by himself on the Yale campus and fill himself with its witchery—as well as gloat on the future spectacle of himself there, a student, winning to Skull and Bones, Deke, Chairmanship of the Lit, Philosophical Oration, Phi Beta Kappa; voted the most popular man in his class, and the most likely to succeed. He wanted to see it all alone. How could Myron ever understand his secret ecstasy?

He sat on the fence, as had innumerable other heroes of fiction, but he was distinguished from them by not being a football player and by not having entered Yale College.


WORK OF ART

CHARACTERS -- 1

MYRON S. WEAGLE (The S means nothing; put in early by Myron for Dignity) born 1880

ORA WEAGLE (Pen name: MARCEL LENOIR) His brother b 1882 (Carpet Rug Weaving)

Black Thread Center Star and Tidings (owned by OLD MAN LONAKER)

D. HECTOR WARLOCK - Born 1861

JOSLIN MONLUX -- the Golden Travelling man -- from New York -- travels in Gents' Furnishings -- "the snappiest dresser that ever hit this burg, lemme tell you," says his worshipper ALBERT DUMBOLTON -- himself only a grocery drummer from Waterbury. (DUMMY) Evelyn Douglas Warlock's mom?

BESSIE MAY LAMB

daughter of Hard Luck Lamb, past Black Thread

Czech?

FRANZ ZSIGMOND, Austro-Polish hotel student in NY and Myron's great friend, with LUCIANO MORA, Italian ditto -- first well-bred South European Myron ever met.

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A PAGE FROM SINCLAIR LEWIS'S NOTEBOOK

The beginning of the dramatis personæ. Note that Ora's name was originally Max.

ing, a summer of wandering through German forests and English downs and the castles of Touraine, and a return to the applause not of the rustic readers of the Black Thread Center *Star and Tidings* but of his equals.

Ivy screening gray mullions. Poetry bound in polished crimson levant with gold tracing, black-letter classics in chafed brown calf, essays by Arthur Symons and James Huneker in blue buckram with crisp paper labels. Persian rugs, sleek and soft as Persian cats, in the study of a whimsical bachelor professor. Rose leaves in a K'ang-hsi pot, and a jar of virile Latakia pipe tobacco.

Puns, very learned, requiring a swift knowledge of four tongues.

William Butler Yeats reading aloud, for the choicer students only, of bitterns on misty shores.

Etchings.

Long tramps over West Rock with professors in tweeds—professors who liked to be called "dons," and high-church clergymen who liked to be called "vicars."

Organ recitals in Woolsey Hall at twilight.

Lying on grass, smoking Turkish cigarettes and quoting Oscar Wilde.

Greek intaglios.

Becoming himself a don.

A classroom in which his students listened to him with agate eyes. And at last, suddenly, surprising all the critics to rapture, a volume of verse to be called "Scarlet Ice."

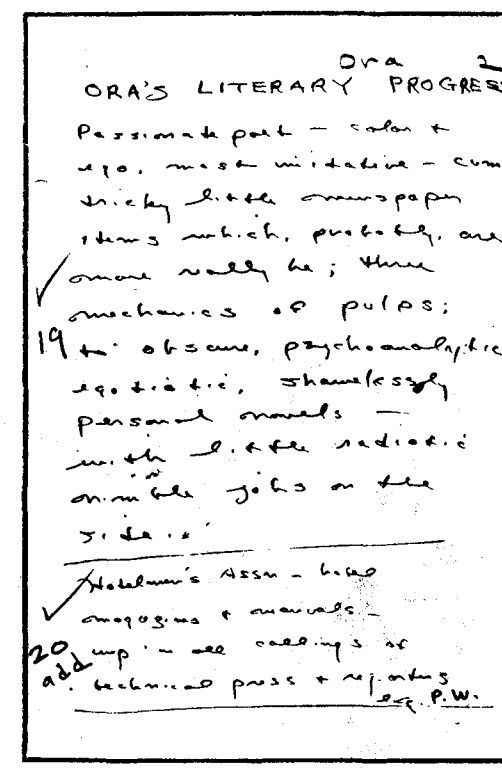
It belonged to him, this bright and gentle world. He would capture it!

But at midnight he was spending Myron's twenty-five dollars in company with Herbert Lambkin and two scruffy-cheeked and intimidatingly young old ladies in kimonos and, after sleeping the rest of the night on Herbert's floor, he started tragically back for Black Thread Center and his trotting about Waterbury for the *Souvenir*. He stared at the pencils. They weren't really well sharpened, not exquisitely, as a poet's should be. He sharpened them all over, with satisfaction in the whisking sound, and in the tiny pile of black dust as he pointed the leads against a sheet of paper.

"Got to get *busy!*" he said, with admirable firmness. Let's see. *Alpha, beta, gamma, zeta* — no, *delta* — no hell! It's the air in this room. I'll just have a little walk and clear my head and then—I'll show you," he said whimsically, "ole Greek alphabet, that you can't throw *me!*"

An hour later he was happily drinking beer with the other two-thirds of the reporters' staff of the *Souvenir*.

But it is not true that he stopped therewith. He did go on with his Greek. He learned the entire alphabet, before he quit, and the rest of his life, among movie extras and scenario writers, he got credit for scholarship by quoting it.


Ora 2

ORA'S LITERARY PROGRESS

Passionate poet — color + rep. mostly imitative — sometimes little newspaper items which, probably, are more really he; three mechanics of pulps; 19th obscure, psychoanalytic, egotistic, shameless personal novels — with little realistic incidents jokes on the side.

Hackwork's Assn — hard magazine + manuals — 20 add'l in see callings of technical press + reporting

P.W.

CHARACTERIZATION OF ORA

From Sinclair Lewis's notebook

Ora was a fair reporter. He was not accurate; he could never be trusted to get the middle initials of names right in reporting a murder or lodge elections, and in a really vital statement, like the amount of insurance after a "conflagration," he was likely to give it as one thousand dollars instead of ten. But he was a dab at "human interest stories," and he was

Texas Agronomist, and *Teeny Tots*. For this last, indeed, he went beyond fillers, and had a quaint, whimsical, and pranksome child verse entitled "The Tiddlewink Fairies" published as a full page, with a floral border, and the enthusiastic editor raised his rate from $3.75 to $6.

To the *Animal Fanciers' Gazette* he furnished, at the reasonable rate of $2.50 apiece, three for $7, anecdotes about elephants which butted gentlemen who seven years previously had given them a chew of tobacco, leopards who scented the jungle in the presence of walking sticks from Africa, kitties who when in need went and mewed in front of a bottle of milk of magnesia, and puppies who growled at locomotives which they conceived to be threatening their dear little mistresses.

The sources of all this zoölogy Ora found in the back of Willing & McTickle's Bar and Sample Room, Waterbury, Conn.

He purveyed to the *Western Home Hearthsome and Universalist* short bright fiction about boys who went straight to h—l after one glass of beer, and to the *Maltster*, articles, influenced by the encyclopedia, regarding the extraordinary good health of hop pickers in Kent. He wangled a two-part story dealing with the delights of duck-hunting and what he called *alfresco amours* into *Cartridge and Canoe*. He knew yet greater triumphs. He

the campus are lights and the elms were stripped of leaves, but the tall branches were only the more delicate in their fan-vaulting.

Occasional students hastened by; once he heard men singing, afar and indistinguishable; but through most of his brooding there, he saw this life, alien to him and dear, only in the lights of dormitory windows. What were they doing up there? Studying the ponderous books he longed to know, initiates of strange wisdoms; smoking English briars by fireplaces, and talking of books and music and painting? There was no room into which he could intrude; but if he could, how he would astonish that mysterious multicultured Them. "You fellows don't know anything if you don't know François Villon. 'Where are the snows of yesteryear?'" How they would stare!

The noisy complacency with which he had, after hypnotizing him by flattery, impressed Herbert Lambkin sank into humility. What were all his proud quotations from "The Victorian Anthology," what all his lively jingles, beside the easily borne knowledge of the university men he had been watching these two days—stooped older men with humorous spectacles, slim elegants with a look of polo who yet had "The Oxford Book of English Verse" in their pockets. And the Georgian stillness of South Middle and the (fake) Gothic pinnacles of the Old Library.

With classmates wise and understanding, he would be at ease. He would be able to talk of his pilgrimage to Waterbury, of his summer of wandering, of his plans for the future. He would be able to talk of his pilgrimage roused Ora out of Black Thread. Within two months he had a job as reporter on the Waterbury *Daily Souvenir* at twelve dollars a week—his mother sent him another three dollars weekly — and he bought, second-hand, the books he needed to prepare himself for his Yale entrance examinations. He lacked Greek, and he had forgotten most of what Latin, history, and mathematics he had learned in high school, particularly as he had never learned them.

"But that did not daunt him. He unexpectedly showed his courage and his grim scholarly industry were equal to his flaming fancy, and he plunged into the wonderland of Greek like an explorer into the jungle."

Thus Ora Weagle described the dramatic new chapter in the poet's progress of Ora Weagle as, in his boarding house in Waterbury, he gayly laid out his Greek grammar, a yellow scratch pad, three fine No. 2 yellow pencils, and a handsome new knife, which he had permanently borrowed from the *Souvenir* office.

He looked at the Greek alphabet. Lovely, the curly letters!

He squared away, heroically set his elbows on the table and his closed fists against his temples, stopped a moment to admire again the spectacle of Ora Weagle's diligence and muttered, "*Alpha, beta, gamma*——"

He yawned. He felt tired, after the day's

morous Italians with stilettos, humorous Negroes with razors, Christmas, Grand Army veterans, circus elephants, and sudden death, he was not to be surpassed. Within a year he had been raised to fourteen dollars a week, and he was collecting a sound, dependable, extra five a week for not printing what he learned at night in his favorite saloons.

For the Saturday edition of the *Souvenir*, with its "women's page," and its "literary section," composed largely of reviews clipped from the New York *Sun*, he began to write jolly little lyrics about local brooks, hills, bargain sales, snowstorms, appearance of the Northern Lights, and Odd Fellows' conventions. They were copied by the state press, and Ora's fellow reporters admired, "You ought to send those off to the magazines. They tell me the editors have a fierce time getting enough to fill their sheets, and they'd be tickled pink to get some nice light verse to stick in between articles on Gettysburg and the tariff."

The editors were not so pinkly tickled as he hoped, but Ora did sell a joke to *Puck*, a verse about baseball to the *Youth's Companion*, and rhythmical reflections upon the growing of peonies to *Field & Garden*, and with this success, unconsciously giving up further purpose of entering college, he launched out full-sail as a professional writer.

He could do an eight-line verse while he was waiting to interview a Masonic past grand master, and his pockets were filled with scribbled envelopes which once a week he dug out and panned for gold. Now, he would divide a sonnet into one child verse and one high-grade wistful song; now, he would combine a couple of them into a lofty practical lyric.

He discovered at the library and in the newspaper's exchanges a hundred periodicals unknown to general fame. He contributed what was known in his grisly trade as "short verse-fillers" to the *Furniture Trade Gazette*, the *Seventh Day Adventist Tekel Upharsin*, the *Southeastern*

indeed, as Ora had invented him, poetry and all. Ephrathite was pretty good, though, and the Denver *Sunday Bison* quoted his reflections on the falling snow:

How sturdy as crusaders' helms
There stand among the storm the elms,
Like breakers on a heathen shore
They face th' approaching tempest's roar.

And there appeared in *O'Clachan's Omnibus* the first story with which Ora was thoroughly pleased.

(*Continued on page 472*)

ORA WEAGLE—A CARICATURE

"He wore the latest thing in Black Thread poolroom clothes; a red-striped, gray-green suit, with lapels sticking out like the ears of a jackass, with pockets slashed diagonally, and the flap decorated with large pearl buttons."—From "Work of Art," Chapter IX, page 117

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From Boers to Boches

THE VICTORIAN AFTERMATH: 1901-1914. By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THERE is a sentence in the Princess of Pless's "Better Left Unsaid" which runs: "Touching this book" (her diary) "is like raising the blind of a closed window and looking out on an old landscape." This is true of one's reading in any book about the immediate pre-war years. But the English landscape thus revealed has not yielded to the enchantment of history. It is vivid, it is detailed, but its perspectives are vague, alarming, even lunatic. It is at once too remote and too near. Haunted by our dead selves, it seems as ancient as Babylon; yet it has none of the settled contours, the familiar inhabitants, the permanent and magical vistas of the Victorian era.

The aim of the social historian is to raise fact into fiction, for it is his imagination (and his imagination alone) whose *eirenicon* invites the conflict of scholarship, passion, and prejudice to some lasting division of the spoils. But in almost any year after the accession of Edward VII the social historian will discover one resolute obstacle. For in pre-war England the very facts are uncertain. We do not know as yet what is owed to gossip and to scandal; few motives are really clear, few controversies decisive. Indeed, any writer who aims at an imaginative use of his material is in double peril: he may be fantastic, and, what is worse, he may be libellous.

That is why, even in two such good books as Mr. Benson's and M. Maurois's lives of Edward VII, one feels a certain emptiness and timidity. King Edward, it seems, is still a wandering substantial shadow between the rather dull world of fact where Sir Sidney Lee placed him and the world of fiction to which the Stracheys of the future will certainly admit him. And that is why Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, whom we already know as a courageous and erudite historian, seems to have written by far the most successful book about this period.

"The Victorian Aftermath" is the third volume in a trilogy. It pursues the theme of the two previous books. Its author attempts to prove that the Edwardians as a whole had not adjusted themselves to their environment. But with an environment which so defies reincarnation, how is the proof to be established? It is here that his method comes to help him, being a method which other writers on this period have not discovered, or, if discovered, have not applied, or, if applied, have not done so in any but a very tentative manner.

The book reads like a series of semi-philosophical essays. It is, of course, quite possible for a writer to analyze the science, the philosophy, and the theology of pre-war England with unruffled authority. But "The Victorian Aftermath" is written to show us what impact these made upon the lives of ordinary people, which is quite a different matter, for it demands a sense of narrative and a sense of drama. While most of us are content to observe that wandering period in the two mirrors of politics and society, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford adds the third mirror of mind.

This is a leap into history beside which the work of other writers seems a coy, preliminary skipping. I am not talking of diplomatic history; in fact, at the risk of appearing one-sided I shall not discuss the diplomatic portions of this book. Pre-war diplomacy has already found itself a literature; beribboned, devoted, whispering, courteous, desolate, and abominable—its various elements have been more or less fused. But Edwardian history is not really diplomatic history, it is not simply a preface to war. Indeed, in England, the war was like a sardonic comment on a domestic tragi-comedy—a comment which grew louder and louder, until at last it dro[illegible]d the voices of the players, and bro[illegible] the curtain. . . .

W[illegible]rd's accession, the old society, founded upon land, and conditioned by the number of people one did not know, finally yielded to the new society, founded upon money, and conditioned by the number of people one could somehow contrive to know. The golden tide had been rising in the latter days of Victoria; it had submerged this noble mansion and that; but above it rose the grim keeps of Windsor and the sooty fastness of Buckingham Palace. With Victoria's death, even these yielded, but only in acknowledgment of a victory already won. There was no violent transition. As Mr. Wingfield-Stratford shows, the Edwardians were more discreet and more decorous than appeared to the journalists of their time or the novelists of ours. And perhaps the week-ends of some few thousand self-conscious philistines are not of the first importance. For there are many secrets which are never heard in Gath, and in the streets of Askalon never told.

The second part of "The Victorian Aftermath" reveals a more profound change. The common man, from whose cities both light and darkness have been banished; whose life was prolonged and softened by innumerable discoveries; who yielded fearfully to the new speed in events; and who, being literate, could now devour his sabbath pabulum of murders, rapes, sporting news, and scandals—the common man was a prey to nerves. From the death of Victoria to the beginning of war there were growing signs of national hysteria.

But the Edwardian environment was not a simple contrivance of machines and medicines. In the first place, Victorian rationalism had taken all its solemn properties and set them up in the market place. Once upon a time it had proposed a very simple, dignified, and optimistic drama called "The Universe." Time and space had provided the stage, matter and gravity the cast, and evolution the plot. If there had been any villain in this amiable piece it would have been God for whom there was no longer any need. But with the turn of the century this drama had become a burlesque, a popular and largely scurrilous campaign against orthodox Christianity.

If the undermining of faith is a significant event in history, so too is the undermining of good-will. With the atom no longer solid, and matter no longer eternal, it was clear that evolution itself needed revision; and the experts withdrew into arguments of such obscurity that scarcely the rumor of them reached the public ear. But one legacy the Darwinists had bequeathed—the proposition that, in a ruthless struggle towards super-humanity, war and race hatred were inevitable. For the common man, therefore, this disintegration of Victorian physics and biology was a very serious affair. It meant that the rationalist beliefs of his superiors no longer descended upon him like a merciful dew. They had suddenly become a cloudburst.

Perhaps the single hope of this generation now lay in psychology, and psychology was still entangled with metaphysics. "Man had conquered external nature without any serious attempt to comprehend or conquer human nature." He had provided himself with the means and will to destroy his own civilization, but its spiritual preservation he had utterly neglected. It is an interesting fact (and a point very well made) that the best psychology of those days could be found in the novels of Wells, Bennett, and Conrad.

Not that literature was all virtue. It, too, had yielded to the general desire for speed and sensation. It had become the fashion to ignore the great Victorians, which was poor judgment, and to deride or "humanize" their greater predecessors, which was plain bad manners. Elsewhere there appeared, in the works of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, a spineless and popular humanism of charity without faith or hope. Worse still the three great purveyors of knowledge—Wells, Chesterton, and Shaw—taught the virtues of clear thinking in terms which were calculated to stun their readers into not thinking at all. This may appear to be a one-sided judgment, and it is; for Mr. Wingfield-Stratford is too competent a historian to muddle his theme with literary appreciations.

Meanwhile the tarnished mirror of politics was reflecting a peculiar conflict. In 1906 Toryism, its sails trimmed to the Fair Trade winds, had run headlong upon the rocks of Protection. Yet the House of Lords, for long regarded as a pure Tory caucus, decided to attack that vast Liberal majority in the Commons. For a while their Lordships played a winning game. They threw out an Education Bill. They killed a Plural Voting Bill. A licensing Bill was "slain by the stiletto" in conclave at Lansdowne House. And steadily the Liberals lost their grip on the country. But behind these manœuvres there lay a more desperate battle. The land was ceasing to pay, which meant a sickness at the very roots of English aristocracy, and to this sickness Sir William Harcourt, not knowing what he did, had applied the slow poison of his death duties. And if, in 1909, just as they seemed to have outfought their opponents, that noble army of Tories rode straight into ambush, it was partly from a terror to which in those prosperous days they could not have put a name. In 1909, throwing constitutional precedent to the winds, they rejected Mr. Lloyd George's famous "People's Budget."

This budget merely emphasized in an audacious and largely unworkable fashion the doom already pronounced by Harcourt in the 90's. It cudgelled the landowner and his ally, the publican; more than that it was a free trade budget, demonstrating that the country could be run without benefit of protection. Under these circumstances it was difficult for their protectionist lordships to withhold the legislative hand: and so, to the joy of Mr. George and the chagrin of such temporary realists as F. E. Smith, the budget was thrown out. Nor could anyone who wished to see the pagan Hubris and Nemesis exemplified in a Christian era fail to observe the result with satisfaction.

In the consequent elections of January and December, 1910, the Liberals were twice returned to uneasy power with an Irish-Labor majority of about 120. After a little chaffering with the Irish; after a spiritualist séance at Lansdowne House, where Tories and Liberals tried to materialize the constitution; after a display of quiet wisdom by George V; after a comic foray by Lord Halsbury, Lord Selborne, and a troupe of hereditary sportsmen—the Lords were forced to vote away their unlimited powers of veto.

The Parliament Act was hailed as a singular triumph: but in this story of Liberal renaissance it was like one of those Baroque triumphal arches which lead into a ragged pasture or a stony hillside. For beyond it lay Home Rule, and Home Rule could only be won by that dreariest of expedients—the coercion of Protestant Ulster. Ulster prepared to resist. The Liberals and Mr. Redmond were feckless enough to laugh at her, the Tories seditious enough to encourage her. And suddenly both parties realized that all power had passed from Westminster; that it resided in Sir Edward Carson's Volunteers, in their Freemason allies, the English army officers, in the Sinn Fein cohorts of Pearse and MacNeill: and both fell to such shrill, undignified squabbling that the mother of Parliaments seemed to have been metamorphosed into little better than a Parlement of Foules.

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford gives an admirable summary of this unhappy business, except in one particular. He does not, I think, make it clear that Liberalism never recovered from its bargain with the Irish; and he carries this vagueness into a larger field. If the Liberals triumphed over the Lords to their own great hurt, they were even worse off in their struggle with the working classes. They were already doomed "to be crushed between the Socialist hammer and the Conservative anvil"; this much he admits. But he does not show how this doom was written large across those pre-war years. For surely when they passed their Insurance Act in 1912 they had produced the last measure of social reform to which their elastic but essentially middle class philosophy could yield without breaking. Reform with them had become a synonym for compromise, if not for evasion. From 1906 onward they had rewarded the people with large slices of legislative cake: but the people wanted bread.

The last part of Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's book is clearly occupied with neuroses. Speed had become velocity. In the highways, in the air, in politics, in journalism, in religion, even in leisure there was no rest for man. To the cinema houses, to the jungle rhythms which invaded those glittering seasons of 1912 and 1913, to the bankrupt and illusory world of "Georgian poetry," he fled for refuge. Only in art was there any sign of control. The post-Impressionist exhibition survived the wrath of Wilfred Blunt and the praise of Frank Harris. There was the more academic progress of William Orpen and Augustus John. There was Gilbert Scott's cathedral. There was the experimental theatre. There was the dancing of Nijinsky. And in 1913 with the production of Stravinsky's "Sacre," a curtain was lifted on some nameless spiritual revolution and then hastily dropped. For art, too, spoke like Cassandra.

The Victorian sun had set; with the death of Edward its last beam fled behind the world's shoulders; the five post-Edwardian years were years of a brief and flurried twilight. Faction rose against faction, sex against sex, civil war was threatened in one quarter, revolution in another. The face of the world was changing so rapidly that England's spirit was driven before it—a ghost, a fragment of orchid, a dead leaf, or what you will, now drifting in a careless manner, now whirling madly, nor finding any rest until it was hurled into war, and there drowned.

So ends Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's trilogy. I think one can see in "The Victorian Aftermath" the beginnings of a courage which Santayana ascribed (I believe) to Columbus and which is the [illegible]operty of history—the beginn[illegible]vincible surmise."

"THE NEW GUY FAWKES PLOT"
A prophetic cartoon from Punch, 1907, *on Lloyd George's plans to curtail the powers of the House of Lords*

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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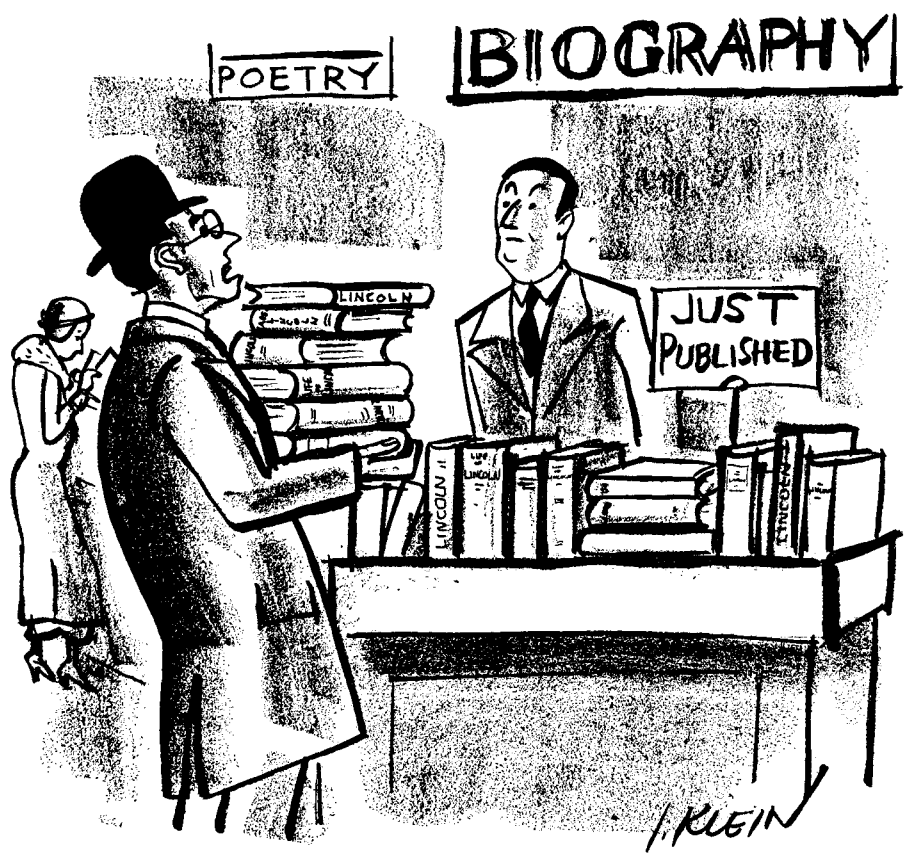
Let the Eagle Scream

We seldom stop to look backward in this exciting country except to find a convenient brickbat in history to hurl at our opponents in politics or economics or criticism. Therefore the task of looking over the last ten years' contributions to this column for the purposes of a forthcoming anthology was interesting as well as laborious. The ship proved to have steered a fairly consistent course over all kinds of waters, but there were some curious omissions in her log. Boasting for example. That alleged characteristic of American criticism and comment which used to irritate the other nations that use the English language, seemed rather emphatically absent—its place being taken by a brooding concern for home affairs—and this in the egregious twenties and the nervous thirties of our post-war growth. So let the eagle scream—if only once.

For what a vigorous, varied, and outstanding literature we have had in these ten years! In the drama, where experimentation and novelty have been so utterly lacking in the British area that even a not altogether successful experiment like Clemence Dane's "Come of Age" now playing, gets and deserves praise for its originality, we can credit our literature with "The Green Pastures" and "Of Thee I Sing," both works of art that indicate new forces and a new age stirring, in addition to a wealth of less original plays that would have done credit to any age since the Elizabethan. In the novel, while older writers like Willa Cather have taken their place among the masters of that tricky art whose values are so difficult to judge when books are still new and untried, there has been such an outburst of vigorous novelty as to indicate the birth of a new age of fiction. The massive Dreiser and the skilful Lewis belong now to the older generation, but Hemingway, Faulkner, Caldwell, Wilder, Wolfe, Boyle, Nathan, Wescott—merely to begin a long list—show every indication of that divine (or diabolical) discontent with the old symbols of narrative representation which never stops short of some notable achievement. There is a new literature of fiction—its quality still untested—and it has its birth and home in America. In poetry, we have had the pure lyric of Edna St. Vincent Millay and Elinor Wylie, and, not to reach back to the pre-war writers who are still fecund, the sudden rise of Eliot's intellectualism, which, like Santayana's marvelous subtlety, has one parent at least in America. We have had "John Brown's Body" and the virile modernism of Archibald MacLeish, with a rising group of young men and women far less specialized than the young poet-communists of England, and closer perhaps to the function of poetry as articulate emotion. In criticism and literary history we have seen in these ten years the extraordinary work of the late Professor Parrington, one of those rare books that change thinking, followed by a brilliant series of interpretations of our own cultural history which can be fitly compared to the reinterpretation of English culture that came at the beginning of the last century. The names of Van Wyck Brooks, Ludwig Lewisohn, Lewis Mumford, Granville Hicks, Charles A. Beard, deserve mention here. A half dozen names of first-rate critics whose comment has been upon literature in general could be added to this list. Nor has literary scholarship for a century produced a more illuminating book than John Livingston Lowes's "The Road to Xanadu." In humor we have scarcely equalled our past, yet there was Ring Lardner, who at his rare best was inimitable, and *The New Yorker*, which as an institution must rank among the real achievements of American literature. In biography, absolute excellence has not been so common, yet the vigor with which leaders of the American settlement from the beginning have been interpreted or reinterpreted and made living figures to a generation who had known little of its past, and much of that wrong, will be noted in future histories.

And in these subdivisions of the literary art, if there are no "Divine Comedies" or "Fausts," that is no cause for humiliation. Great works of world literature are rare, but they come, when they come, always, if not inevitably, from such a ferment of self-realization as this with which America for the past ten years has been bubbling. One quality we have clearly lacked, which can only be crudely named by the word amenity. There has been little written in the United States of the twenties and thirties for the sheer pleasure of the mature and reflective mind. Our books have had more light than sweetness, more of the Hebraic than the Greek, more of the Elizabethan than the Augustan, and little of that appeal to the mind above the conflict of the great Elizabethans. Our writers who wrote to give pleasure, as Dickens wrote, have cheapened their art (unnecessarily) to sell it to vast audiences. Our writers with real imagination to sell, have been more concerned to give pain than pleasure. Pope, in spite of the remark above, would have been conceivable in this ten-year period; Thoreau would have been conceivable; Whitman and Machiavelli and Swift and Defoe would have been conceivable; but not Charles Lamb, not Chaucer, not Sir Walter Scott, not Jane Austen, not even the younger Shakespeare.

As liberalism in Austria seems to be approaching nearer and nearer to extinction, one of its foremost exponents of an earlier day has passed to his death. A few decades ago Hermann Bahr, who died last month in Munich, was regarded in Europe and America as one of the leaders in the movement for liberal thought in his country, and his plays, novels, and essays were widely read. Even before Nazi propaganda had attempted to win adherents in his country, however, Bahr had drifted toward a conservatism which belied his youthful ardor. But during his revolutionary days he had much influence.



"I WANT TO TRADE IN MY 1933 LINCOLNS FOR THE 1934 MODELS."

To the Editor: *Gerald W. Johnson on Hinton Rowan Helper*

Helper and Slavery

SIR: May I have the privilege of filing one mild dissent from an opinion expressed by Dr. Henry Steele Commager in his review of my book, "The Secession of the Southern States"?

With his denunciation of the style and philosophy of the book I have no quarrel. This is a matter of opinion, covered by the maxim, *De gustibus*. But when he accuses me of not realizing that Hinton Rowan Helper disliked the colored brother more because he was a Negro than because he was a slave, he goes too far.

I did realize that, very clearly. I have, as Dr. Commager advises, looked into Helper's post-bellum writings. I know that the dream of his life was a grandiose deportation scheme. But I cannot see why the fact that Helper was frankly anti-Negro renders the figures he quotes from the United States Census Reports either false or without significance. These figures explode the theory that the South in 1860 was in a flourishing condition, either relatively or absolutely. On the contrary, they indicate as clearly as statistics can that the Southern States were doomed, unless they effected a radical reorganization of their collapsing economic system.

As for Dr. Commager's declaration that "the abolition of slavery has not altered in any essentials the relative economic position of the South," I rest my case on the United States Census reports of today. To be sure, the Southern poor white still has to compete with Negro labor, and it is still a heavy handicap. But it is not as heavy as it was in 1860, because the poor white's competitor now has to provide his own maintenance, which tends to make the struggle more nearly even. And this, it seems to me, is an alteration in essentials.

Lest I seem merely querulous, let me acknowledge that Dr. Commager, far from writing a spiteful review, has been notably generous in some of his estimates of the book. I hope that I shall not seem unappreciative of this in protesting when he accuses me of mistaking Helper for a negrophile.

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Allen's Article

SIR: "The Sources of 'Anthony Adverse'" is the best thing I have read in the *Review* in a long time. Ah ha! so Allen has been reading books, and has actually stooped so low as to make use of what he found there! Despite these sins "Anthony Adverse" is the finest fruit of American letters.

Hervey Allen has projected himself as an equal into the group of the top half-dozen of the story tellers of all nations and all times—Cervantes, Defoe, Balzac, Dostoievsky, Scott, and Dickens—and he is not a bit like any of them.

LOUIS BLAKE DUFF.

Welland, Canada.

The English Geneva Bible

SIR: May I ask your kind coöperation with me on the following project? I am preparing for publication a study of the English Geneva Bible. It is my purpose to include a descriptive catalogue of all editions of the English Geneva Bible preserved in the libraries of the United States—and also all separate editions of the Geneva New Testament. In view of my desire to make the catalogue as trustworthy as possible, I shall welcome correspondence from private owners of such editions, beginning with the Geneva New Testament of 1557.

GEORGE H. HARTWIG.

400 West Colfax Street
Blair, Nebraska.

Pacifist Propaganda

SIR: I have read "Cry Havoc" with much interest. It comes very near being a great book, but its greatness, or promise of it, is more in implication than in statement. Mr. Nichols, it seems to me, has muffed a major theme by a scheme of organization and a style of writing that is kittenish where it should be forthright and coy where it should be statistical. Its subject matter is all true and a commonplace to anyone who has delved below the surface of this iniquitous world. But why anyone should have felt a need to embellish the appalling facts with a running literary accompaniment of girlish horror is beyond me. On the other hand, my wife read a copy up in Toronto, and it turned her into an internationalist and a pacifist—two accomplishments I have struggled in vain to bring about these twelve years. So "Cry Havoc" may be vastly more important than I thought it.

M. D.

New York City.

Max Adeler

SIR: A short while ago you wrote of the late Philadelphia lawyer-author, Charles Heber Clark (Max Adeler). I cannot now locate the article, but recall that there were several omissions in the bibliography. As I have what is believed to be a complete set of the Adeler first editions, a full list of which I have never seen in print, I submit it to you:

"Out of the Hurly Burly," Philadelphia, 1874
"Elbow Room," Philadelphia, 1876
"Random Shots," Philadelphia, 1879
"The Fortunate Island," Boston, 1882
"Captain Bluitt," Philadelphia, 1901
"In Happy Hollow," Philadelphia, 1903
"The Quakeress," Philadelphia, 1905
"The Great Natural Healer," Philadelphia, 1910
"By the Bend of the River," Philadelphia, 1914

A title not included in the above list is "I'm Off," a railway-travel booklet (c. 1882) of probably 100 pages, published anonymously, but believed to be from the "Adeler" pen.

ALFRED P. LEE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Saturday Review recommends

This List of Current Books:

THE VICTORIAN AFTERMATH. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. *Morrow*. A study of the Edwardian era.

THE UNFORGOTTEN PRISONER. By R. C. HUTCHINSON. *Farrar & Rinehart*. A story in which love, nationalism, and war play a part.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. By JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES. *Houghton Mifflin*. An examination, for the layman, into the poet and his times.

This Less Recent Book:

THE MURDER OF ROGER ACKROYD. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Dodd, Mead*. An exciting detective story.

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A Powerful Novel of War's Aftermath

THE UNFORGOTTEN PRISONER. By R. C. Hutchinson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

MR. HUTCHINSON'S second novel is an extraordinary book — all the more extraordinary by contrast in manner with his first. "The Answering Glory," it will be remembered, had for its heroine a little missionary woman, and for its theme the indomitable power of an ideal. It was a moving story, well written, but quite within the formal tradition of English fiction.

In the present work the author breaks with tradition. He has obviously been influenced by Joyce, but the influence is tempered by his own independent mind and his respect for the English language. One feels that he breaks with tradition not as a gesture of youthful defiance, but because he has something that he very badly wants to say, and because after careful consideration he has concluded that only in this particular manner can he say it. The book is very earnest, very sincere, and written with patient workmanship. It calls to mind a piece of architecture rather than a painting—a massive structure in which the stresses and strains have been carefully calculated in advance and which has grown gradually, stone by stone, under the hands of the masons.

Just as the book has been written with evident care, so it requires careful reading. It is by no means easy to follow. The characters are numerous; the transitions sudden; the details multitudinous. The author is at once generous and parsimonious. No detail is too small for meticulous elaboration, while at the same time the reader is left to imagine for himself the elucidation of certain incidents or situations which most writers would have explained in full. Even after an unwontedly conscientious reading of the book—and it has 564 octavo pages—I am by no means sure that I fully understand it; I even recall moments of impatience during the reading because we didn't seem to be getting anywhere in particular; but now that the book is finished I know that I enjoyed it enormously and I find myself going back over it in my thoughts. Even now I cannot segregate the precise quality that sets it apart, that makes one sure it is genuinely a work of art; but I know that, despite certain blemishes, it has tremendous strength and power, perhaps even genius.

Mr. Hutchinson is essentially a moralist —an attitude which is not incompatible with artistry. The homely text of his first book might have been "Virtue is its own reward," and of this one, "Chickens come home to roost,"—an ill deed, even an inadvertent one, comes back to plague the doer, and such ill deeds as war plague all the doers. Before the war John Saggard was instrumental in preventing the marriage of his younger brother to a German governess. During the war, in command of troops, he ordered the execution of a German spy, whom, in the guise of an English officer, he had come to love. The officer was the husband of the German governess that Charles Saggard should have married, and the putative father of Klaus, the central figure in the story.

From the jacket of "The Unforgotten Prisoner."

Thereafter the theme of the book is the effort of John Saggard to expiate both his original well-intentioned mistake and the slaying of a friend imposed upon him by military duty. The boy, Klaus, is discovered in Birnewald, a German town in the throes of the worst horrors of the aftermath of war. If the vivid picture drawn by Mr. Hutchinson bears any resemblance to real conditions that obtained in Germany immediately following the war, the most bitter former enemy of the German people could hardly withhold sympathy. The whole of the second of the three parts into which the book is divided is taken up with the odyssey of the boy Klaus through a nightmare of terror from which he finally emerges through Saggard's persistent efforts. If at times in the German scenes one feels that the author is piling Pelion on Ossa in horror, the tragedy is lightened by the idyllic relationship of Klaus and the little prostitute, Berta, who comes to exercise a paramount influence on the story, and the horrors themselves are sublimated by the author's rare powers of description. The ending of the book will undoubtedly arouse controversy, and many readers, particularly the sentimental ones, will find it unsatisfactory. Let theirs be the task to tell Mr. Hutchinson what he ought to have done!

When Spirits Walk

FAMILY GHOSTS. By Elliott O'Donnell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is a book of true ghost stories—that is to say, of stories which have been widely asseverated and believed to be true. But for that matter, hearsay evidence is frequently admitted in Mr. Ripley's "Believe It or Not," whose readers seldom take the second alternative; and Mr. O'Donnell, like Mr. Ripley, makes personal investigations when that is possible. He has stayed in many haunted houses, and in some of his other books vouches for experiences of his own which would justify a man who had had them in believing any story of the supernatural. And we who enjoy having our flesh creep, can manage to give belief to any true ghost story, at least while we are hearing it; our objection to true ghost stories has always been not that they were too fantastic to be credible, but that they were not fantastic enough to be dreadful. The inventions of Mr. Arthur Machen and Dr. Montague Rhodes James showed a really diabolical ingenuity in finding fresh ways of haunting, while their prototypes, the real ghosts, confined themselves to a monotonous round of reënacting crimes, pacing corridors, and howling under windows. Fiction, we have always felt, was much stranger than truth.

But Mr. O'Donnell demonstrates that while it is true that ghosts have a strong tendency to follow strictly the proper forms of haunting for spirits of their class and country, there are a great many more of these manners and customs than most people know. White ladies are common in England, green ladies in Scotland; the banshee confines itself strictly "to the O's and the Macs," and has never been induced to call on Anglo-Irish or Norman-Irish families. Wales is the only country to rejoice in the Hag of the Dribble, a dreadful crone "with scaly black wings," but among Welsh families she is quite common. Not only that, but the apparitions that attach themselves to certain families may be horses, dogs, clocks that strike thirteen, or even odder forms; whenever one of the Breretons is to die, the trunk of a tree is found floating on the lake in their park.

As will be seen, Mr. O'Donnell has brought together all sorts of traditions about the hauntings or destinies of families, including the Bourbons, the Bonapartes, and the Hohenzollerns, and the result for the curious is a rich one. Merely to say that he has some new legends about the Glamis Horror is enough to show all amateurs of the supernatural that they will want this book.

The Pension Racket

SOLDIERS—WHAT NEXT! By Katherine Mayo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by ROGER BURLINGAME

THE story of the pension racket in America is not subject to overstatement. The simple facts in columns of figures present a burlesque of justice so crude as to be incredible even to a people accustomed to financial travesties. The first response of anyone who glances at the figures is a conviction that comic errors have juggled them. It is only when we have checked and rechecked them, spending hours in the departments from which they issue that a laughing unbelief chills, slowly, into the horror of certainty. It is then only that we look for the story behind them.

It is a fantastic story. It is tragic in that it is built on the sentimental and generous impulses of a large-hearted people. That these impulses, recklessly translated, appear often, in America, as weaknesses, can be seen only in comparison with older societies which have learned control through centuries of catastrophe. The story—all of it—and the comparisons in adequate detail are the substance of Katherine Mayo's book and it should be read by all Americans who are not afraid to face dishonorable aspects of their country's history.

THE GREAT VOTE-GETTING ACT
A cartoon by Rollin Kirby from "Highlights"

The criticisms of overstatement or insufficient research which restricted the acceptance of some of this author's earlier books cannot apply here. "Soldiers—What Next!" is the fruit of as exhaustive an investigation as the march of events would permit. The author, apparently without exception, has got her facts at headquarters. She has asked questions in the pension ministries of England, France, Germany, and Italy and come away with a mass of official statistics which she has selected carefully. The book is documented to a point which satisfies the most industrially skeptical critic. Occasional passages of sensational writing, of sentimental or over-dramatic expression may mar the surface for the highbrow reader but they may also get the book read by the masses to whom this same kind of appeal has for years been made from the camp of the racketeers. In any case, these passages mar only the surface. The substance below, composed of hard fact, is impregnable.

Only in America has the World War veteran as a veteran gained class benefits. In other nations, disablement in combat has been a first condition of pension. Beyond the small bonus at discharge designed to supply the immediate needs of a man abruptly transferred from military to civilian life, England, France, Germany, and Italy have awarded no money to men who emerged from the World War sound in body and mind. In England, France, Germany, and Italy a soldier or sailor whose skin at the armistice was whole was sufficiently repaid by his escape and the sense of having saved his country. If he falls ill or is hurt in the course of his civilian trade he shares the lot of other civilians who have not had the privilege of serving their country in its emergency.

In America, however, political corruption resulting in the dictatorship of a minority group has perverted the fundamental obligation of the citizen to bear arms for his country. Incessant propaganda of such high-powered organizations as the American Legion has persuaded the ex-soldier that in bearing arms, he has done his government a favor. The Legion, originally organized for service to "God and Country," was soon corrupted by senators and congressmen who were overawed by the prospect of a united veteran vote. Extravagant offers of benefits by these legislators kept this vote in their hands. A long continuance of such bribery made the Lobby of the Legion the most powerful coercive group in Washington, gave a bonus to 3,549,503 ex-service men—healthy, sick, rich, and poor alike—and compensated 407,484 for disabilities not in fact connected with war service.

Miss Mayo handles the Legion without gloves. She exposes the steam roller of its executive committee, the independent working of the lobby, the deceptions before the public of its commanders. She does not blame the body of ex-soldiers. She blames Congress working in cahoots with a small executive Legion group. She blames, too, the American people for their lack of an "understanding heart" in receiving the demobilized soldiers and, relentlessly, she blames them for blindness, shirking political responsibility, leaving legislation to small-minded representatives in the post-war decade.

A comparison with the British Legion shows what the American Legion might have become under strong leadership. The German Stahlhelm and the Italian Combattenti have exerted political influence but their work has been intended for the welfare of the whole nation rather than for the benefit of a small privileged class of veterans at the expense of the people. In the Italian section, the author digresses from the theme to show an enterprise of land reclamation which should be peculiarly interesting to us in this time of our own large government projects.

In the descriptions of European pension workings, Miss Mayo shows how the power of pension regulation has been kept in Government rather than Parliament, thus shutting out the influence of graft and politics. But this shows, too, the failure of our kind of government unless the proceedings of Congress are watched continuously and in detail by the people to whom Congress is ultimately responsible.

The growth of American unwatchfulness in the decade since the war has evidently been followed by increased extravagance. Thus where our pension figures should, naturally, have declined through death or cure of the disabled they have increased with monstrous speed. A comparison of the number of pensioners in 1919 and 1929 shows, in England and France a normal decrease of 17.4 and 14.1 per cent respectively, whereas in America there were 866 per cent more pensioners in 1929 than in 1919!

"Soldiers—What Next!" is a compendium of salient information which may well be regarded as an authentic reference book. It is recommended to senators, congressmen, and presidents interested in the causes of failing budgets. It is recommended to lay readers who want a fascinating mystery story solving the problem of what happens to their money. It is not, however, for the American who desires to keep his head in the sand of a belief that his Congress, his government, his war heroes, and his people can do no wrong.

Roger Burlingame, who as a member of the A. E. F. participated in the Meuse-Argonne campaign, is the author of "Peace Veterans," a study of Veteran agitation in America after the Civil, Spanish, and World Wars.

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Southern Traditions Look to the Future

CULTURE IN THE SOUTH. Edited by W. T. Couch. Chapel Hill, N. C.: The University of North Carolina Press. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

FROM bleak board cabins along the roads of dust and clay and sand in the eighties and nineties, the farmers of the South went to school houses and lodge halls to form Farmers' Alliances, to turn into Populists, and to put to rout the Confederate brigadiers who captained the South's solid democracy. There were more cranks than intellectuals in the Populist ranks, more angry men than wise ones, but they broke Southern complacency in native demand for reform. They failed. Their failure left the South for three decades without a social or a political philosophy save that of taking what came, which was generally pretty bad, and blaming the Civil War, the "niggers," and the Republicans for everything from malaria to miscegenation.

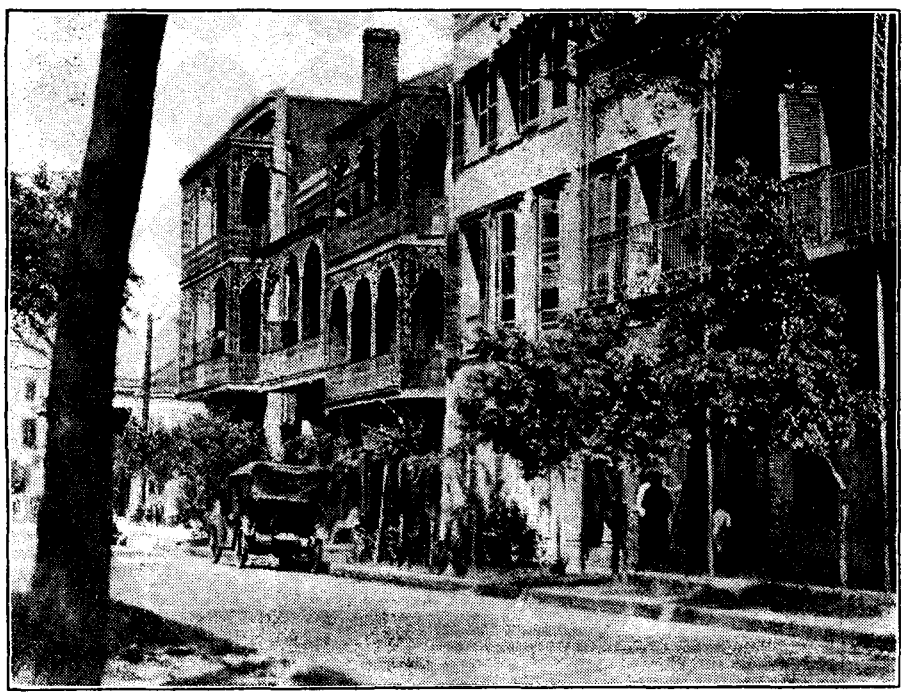
The modern South has slumbered undisturbed unless the so-called progress of the twenties, when bonds were swopped for roads, and acres were cut up into lots, and chambers of commerce offered cheap labor and low taxes in exchange for mills, be called the expression of an awakening. Actually it was the reverse of thinking. But it engendered thinking. From Nashville it brought a thoughtful protest in a well-modulated Southern voice which in academic language urged the South to spurn the "Northern" thing called industrialism and return to the old faith of an agrarian people. These neo-Confederates undertook to state Southern culture in terms of Southern tradition but they failed to touch the South because they misunderstood both the aspirations and the facts of the great body of Southern life. For W. T. Couch in "Culture in the South," thirty-one Southerners, including one or two of the Nashville sect, have stated these facts and aspirations better than they have ever been stated before. This is so because of, and not despite, the fact that their statements are almost as diverse as their number.

There is no classical attitude in the majority of these essays. There is rather both the dogmatism and the determination of the reformer. Their heritage is more nearly that of the Populists than the Confederates. For Broadus Mitchell, with his eyes on the future, the plantation system of the past and lingering present was a pond in which there were no currents. "Organic matter decayed, and a miasma hung above the surface," and "Whatever industry killed should, by comparison with social change elsewhere, have perished before." Other writers speak with a similar vehemence of the *ancien régime* and of the tenant farming which followed it, but at the same time and with an equal zeal they condemn the evils of low wages, mean housing, and industrial overlordship which have marked the growth of industry below the Potomac. Without choice between the land or the factory, they cry the need for reform in both.

Many of the twenty-eight men and three women who here speak their sharp dissent from Southern complacency have been speaking individually through all the last decade when the poverty-stricken South thought that it was rich. Here for the first time they speak together. Charles W. Hansell, outlining the Southern heritage, concludes, with what might serve as a thesis for the book, that whatever the future of American life may be, the Southern people will share it. Rupert B. Vance describes the land which is the South and Josephine Pinckney provides the note of nostalgia for the past which serves to emphasize that most of those who follow her are not only ready but eager for the future. With the past well damned, they demand a future of social justice, collective economic control, better education, more livestock, and more libraries. They speak in truth more of the times than of the South. Their regionalism is purely geographic. It is their problem and not its solution that is Southern. Whatever else they may be, most of them show themselves as the heralds of the up-and-coming South not in terms of mills but of men. There is little sympathy among the majority of these for Miss Pinckney's suggestion that the South's "alleged laziness and shiftlessness" may save her in the conflict between "her ideal of fine living" and the "forces of steel and electricity" and standardization. Donald Wade's expression, anent Southern literature, of his hope that the South will go back wisely from a loud present to a quieter past, is utterly lost in the noise of demands for social and economic reform.

To this diversity of attitude, Mr. Couch has deliberately added an almost too wide diversity of subject which results in occasional repetition by writers dealing with closely related fields. Every phase of Southern culture is presented from farming to folk-songs, from the fine arts to murder, which in the South, innocent of DeQuincey, is not practised as a fine art. Well informed contributors have drawn the portraits of the various Southern types and classes of Southern society, and Clarence E. Cason provides in "Middle Class and Bourbon" some fine pages of merry satire which enliven the all-too-serious tone of the book. The only non-Southern contributor, A. N. J. Den Hollander, a young Dutchman, has written an excellent essay on the myth of the Southern poor white. Mr. Couch himself has devoted his own contribution to the Negro. Excellent as it is, one cannot help wishing that as editor he had devoted his energies to giving, beyond his brief preface, greater form, interpretation, and coherence to the other essays he has gathered. The reader would have welcomed a helping hand on the long road through the many facts and opinions presented with such diversity of manner and authorship.

Jonathan Daniels is editor of The Raleigh News and Observer.



A STREET IN THE VIEUX CARRÉ, NEW ORLEANS
From "Romantic America" by E. O. Hoppé (Westermann)

Tremendous Trivia

ALL TRIVIA. By Logan Pearsall Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by DON MARQUIS

THERE are no trivial things; but those which seem trivial, lack interpreters. Planets pivot upon atoms. That tumble-bug, kicking his ball of dung down the garden path, is as important as a Demi-Urge propelling a sun across space. Do not tread on that ant . . . he may be a champion ant, set on by the gods to eat down some prodigious, imperial marble city. There . . . be careful! You have broken that filament of cobweb with your inquisitive nose . . . and now what will the Deity do? The Deity planned that particular thread and put it there to strangle a burly empire to death, and you have sneezed your way right through it. Unless you are more heedful, you cannot go for any more walks with Logan Pearsall Smith.

As Mr. Smith walks, the universe about him swells or shrinks, grows diaphanous or solid, with the pulsations of thought in his mind. Sometimes God leans down from heaven and shouts to a taxicab not to run over him—because he is God's chosen one, God's precious lamb. Sometimes the fiend bowls him down the slopes of hell, with a recollection. He is a little bit in doubt himself, from moment to moment, as to what his Self is. Perhaps, like everything else, his Self is really only an illusion. He is curious about his Selves, as well as about everything else. One day he followed one of his Selves. We quote:

> I sometimes feel a little uneasy about that imagined self of mine—the Me of my faydreams—who leads a melodramatic life of his own, out of all relation with my real existence. So one day I shadowed him down the street. He loitered along for a while, and then stood at a shop window and dressed himself out in a gaudy tie and yellow waistcoat. Then he bought a great sponge and two stuffed birds and took them to lodgings, where he led a shady existence. Next he moved to a big house in Mayfair and gave grand dinner parties, with splendid service and costly wines. His amorous adventures among the High-up Ones of this Earth I pass over. He soon sold his house and horses, gave up his motors, dismissed his retinue of servants, and went—saving two young ladies from being run over on the way—to live a life of heroic self-sacrifice among the poor.
>
> I was beginning to feel encouraged about him when in passing a fishmonger's, he pointed at a great salmon and said, "I caught that fish."

It is a temptation to quote and quote and quote from Mr. Smith's latest book, "All Trivia." If he ever wrote anything that isn't quotable, he didn't publish it. He has discovered—or rather, he must have been born with the knowledge—that levity is the most important quality in the cosmos. For levity is wings. When the weight, the gravity, the terrible heavy solidity, of the social order seems about to bear down upon him and crush him out of existence, with a twitch and flicker of his pinions he darts from under the impending crash, and a moment later you see him perched shimmering above the avalanche, like a dragon-fly which has just escaped an earthquake.

He is at once poet, philosopher, and humorist. But you can't take him to pieces like that and analyze and catalogue the parts, for he is above everything else a rare individual. And his style—ye gods! how the man can write. He wraps his subtleties up in the cover of a most deceptive simplicity of manner.

I am minded, as I read some of his brief stories, of the anecdote of the negro who was an expert with the razor. He cut a man's head off so neatly and quickly that his victim didn't know, for a moment or two, that anything had happened; and made some comment to the effect that nothing had. "Just wait till you try to move your head," retorted his executioner. I tackle one of Mr. Smith's innocent-looking little fables, and enjoy it, and chuckle over the graceful criticism of humanity in general—and it is a minute or two before I realize that I have been run through the heart by a Cyrano-swordsman who was, after all, doing something more than merely making a ballade with a foil in his hand. But he is too much the assured master ever to allow his social criticism to become ill-natured. He kills you politely; and with the courteous appearance of slaying himself; he attacks no one but himself, and if you wake up to find yourself dead also, pierced by the same stroke, you feel that Mr. Smith rather regrets your death than otherwise. Your vanity and life were just there, where that particular thrust went through, and in a way invited the steel; and the whole thing is regrettable, but what are we going to do about it?

All his effects are produced with that masterly economy which marks the technique of the mature and controlled artist; and out of a hundred-word essay of his I get more of the sense of the intricacy, the beauty, the bewilderment, the mingled despair and victory of human existence, than out of many a three-hundred-thousand-word novel, announced with the thunder of drums and the clamor of trumpets. These "Trivia" are, in reality, "tremendous trifles." For he penetrates into the secret chambers of the mind and captures the shifting moods and movements of the psyche which are in reality the hidden springs of human life and action.

GORDON SINCLAIR
With Native New Guinea Boys

Broadway in Borneo

CANNIBAL QUEST. By Gordon Sinclair. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM DOERFLINGER

WISE-CRACKING his way through the oblivious East from New Guinea's "Voodoo Valleys" to Borneo and Siam, thence to Burma, India, Baluchistan, and the Khyber hills, Gordon Sinclair has found more than the human ogres and other social extravaganzas which were his immediate quarry. "Cannibal Quest," though it seems to have been planned as a glorified "Believe It or Not," repeatedly gets beyond its own sensationalism to provide graphic and enlightening descriptions. The rapid-fire vernacular of Broadway is a lingo refreshingly new to travel writing, and as handled by this young Toronto newschaser it often expresses the truth in trenchant terms.

Here is the West giving the East the once-over. Never the twain shall meet, but in Mr. Sinclair's case their transitory contact makes for novel, interesting reading. His impudence is rampant but clear-sighted. Emphasis in the book is on details, an entertaining assemblage of trail-side wonders, while the broader pattern of the author's wandering is veiled in cheerful insouciance. Mr. Sinclair is not an explorer. Traveling on luxury liners, on river freighters, on camels' backs, he has strolled through the East of the 1930's, which is the dawn-lit end of the earth no longer, for the earth, where inhabitable, has no longer any ends. He notes that in the Caves of the Dentists in Bangkok, where brilliant designs are drilled into Siamese clients' front teeth, our own Mickey Mouse is one of the favorite embellishments.

Mr. Sinclair has acted none too soon. Gather ye cannibals while ye may!

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The BOWLING GREEN

"Effendi"

(FRANK NELSON DOUBLEDAY, 1862-1934)

"EFFENDI" (the nickname was Kipling's coinage, suggested, of course, by the initials) suited him perfectly. It had the quality of affectionate intimacy, but no one was likely to use it prematurely; and one did not forget that the word is a title of respect. All, whether editorial cubs or the most irreverent inkstained printer in the pressroom, loved him for his humor, his easy masterful way, but respected him also with a little something of awe. The good old monosyllable *big* is the word that comes first to mind. He really was an effendi. In his office at Garden City there used to be a photograph of him taken in the burnous of an Arab chief. How well he looked the part: the tall, athletic figure, the bronzed face with its fine eagle nose, the brilliant eyes. It was always a thrill for us youngsters when we saw him coming into the office with his long swinging stride. One was instantly aware of power. The sound of the bindery machines on the floor below seemed to move with steadier rhythm; everything began to coordinate a little faster, a little smoother. People began going in and out of the big room in the corner, and there was an exciting feeling that things were doing. If I could just give you an impression of the strong, unhurried and yet unstoppable way he used to come down the aisle you would get some notion of the man. He seemed to gather speed and force (but never mere *hurry*) as he got near that corner room. He always came in as though some idea was urgent and motive in his mind, something he wanted to do promptly. I used to think what a grand experience it would be to serve as his secretary for a while, to get some idea of his extraordinary gift of easy, calm achievement, his genius for human relations. He was himself a writer of much humorous charm. There was once a little book called *A Plain American in England*, published as by "Charles T. Whitefield," which even many of his own staff did not know was by him. It was delightful, dwelling upon phases of Anglo-American comedy which always amused him. He, no less than his partner, Walter Page, was one of the most valuable ambassadors of friendship the two nations have ever had. His insistence on his own plainness, rusticity, was very characteristic of so subtle a negotiator.

It was touching to see, among the flowers at his funeral the other day, a large floral replica of a book—from one of the departments at the Country Life Press, I expect. There was a good simple symbolism about that, like the old workmen or warriors who were buried with their tools and weapons beside them. It was an afternoon of brilliant sunshine and snow, and after the service at the church it occurred to some of us to go over and look at the sun-dial in the garden at the Press. Snow was crusted deep over it, but we rubbed it away; the bronze facsimiles of the old printers' marks were bright and clear. How surprised Aldus of Mantua would have been to find his own dolphin and anchor reprinted in that Long Island garden. And those of us who in one way or another had worked for Effendi and loved him couldn't help feeling that what would please him most would be for us to get back to town and sell some books. His passionate enthusiasm for the job never failed even in the long years of illness. George Seiffert remembers how, long ago, he was hustling to catch a train back to the city after the weekly conference at the Press. Effendi met him in the aisle. "Selling any books, George?" George, caught unawares, and modestly embarrassed, took refuge in jocularity. "Once in a while," he said bashfully, and hastened on. Effendi called him back. "Try all the while," he said.

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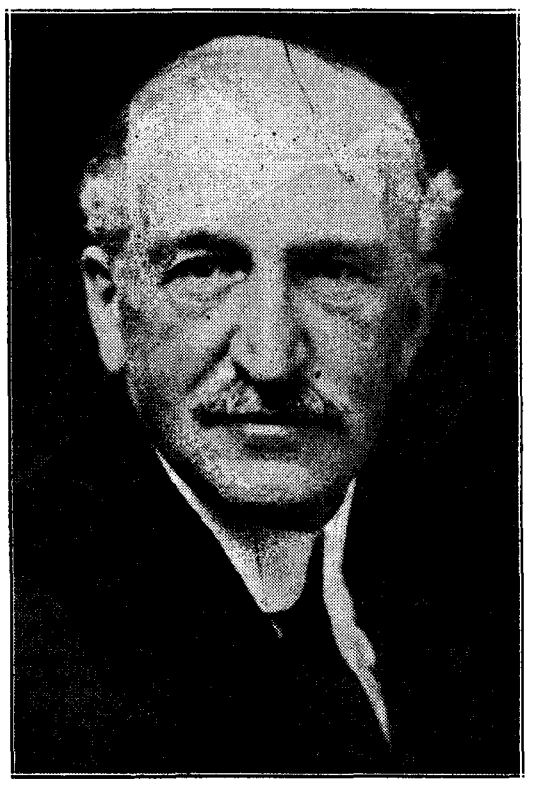
Not only for his enthusiasm, for his organizing genius, but for his delicious humor The Boys loved him. There was a peculiar tenderness in the relation during these last years when the man we had known so strong, so unshakable, was broken down with long illness. Even then he would drive over to the Press every day; when he could no longer get out of the car members of the staff would go out to drive with him; his passion for every business detail never left him. During long drives he enjoyed dictating reminiscences of the various humors and crises of publishing. I wish I had available at this moment a copy of those *Indiscreet Recollections*, as he called them—a book printed in only a few copies for his immediate family. That, I remember telling him, was the true *Parnassus on Wheels*, for it was composed entirely in his famous Packard—which, he thriftily liked to remark, had run over 140,000 miles. Shrewd sense about money matters was strong in him as in all great men of affairs. He never forgot, in telling the story of the time when he and Sam McClure, a pair of young publishers, were offered the management of the famous Harper business, that the excited McClure interrupted him in the middle of a telephone call to Philadelphia which cost 90 cents.



F. N. DOUBLEDAY

Anecdotes of Effendi would be innumerable wherever publishers, booksellers or writers get together. Some of those anecdotes would concern famous names, for he had walked with greatness of many kinds. We used to think secretly, we young zealots of his renown, that in any company anywhere Effendi would be at once recognizable as extraordinary; and indeed it was so. Men of every sort had always recognized him as someone to tie to. He had hardly started his own business when President McKinley wanted him to print a book of his speeches—a fine way to lose money, and Effendi was shrewd enough to evade it. John D. Rockefeller told him his life story during games of golf. Andrew Carnegie advised him about his savings. Frank Norris read manuscripts for him. Rudyard Kipling wrote *Just-So* stories for Effendi's youngsters. (Doubleday had slept on a couch in Kipling's sitting-room at the Grenoble Hotel when Kipling was desperately ill in New York, so that he might not be disturbed.) A Prime Minister of Great Britain has testified to the lasting impression a meeting with Effendi made on him. Even while sitting in the chair at an Imperial Conference, he confessed, he found his thoughts wandering to a recollection of Frank Doubleday. But I am thinking now of the love and admiration he inspired in those who worked closest to him and who saw him in the full gusto of his power. He had also a delicious skill in pricking bubbles that needed bursting. I remember once, long ago, going in (after secret indignant brooding) to tell him that I really thought a raise in salary was disgracefully overdue. I had fermented the matter in private (it was very serious to me) until I was probably a bit incoherent, but he listened patiently. When there was an opportunity he asked how much I was getting. I told him. "Yes," he said blandly, "there must be something wrong if you haven't made yourself worth more than that." He must have passed on a good word, for a raise came through the next day, but the double significance of his comment remained memorable.

In his private office there was always a framed notice to the effect that a man can get a lot of good work done if he doesn't worry about who gets the credit for it. Lyman Stowe, another of his alumni, is reminded by this of a time when Effendi himself brought up some idea at the weekly editorial meeting. Everyone except Stowe was opposed to the suggestion. After the meeting Effendi called him in. "Stowe," he said, "you seemed to be the only one who thought there might be a glimmering of sense in that scheme. Suppose you wait about six weeks and then bring it up again as your own idea. Maybe then we can put it over."

There was an office episode Effendi enjoyed recalling, one which I often think of when I find myself buried rather deep in papers. A young man of whom Effendi was very fond, son of one of his North Shore neighbors, had a minor post in the Manufacturing Department which involved checking a great many orders, estimates, job schedules, etc. It so happened that the shortest path to Effendi's own office led past Billy P's desk, and Mr. Doubleday was always annoyed by the enormous mass of papers there. The Effendi was a great believer in cleaning up one's desk before going home, and finally he mentioned the matter. He did it in his usual oblique way: he took Billy into the private office, pointed to his own desk, which was clear of all debris, and remarked that that was what a desk should look like. But Billy, a young man of thoughtful disposition, always liked to rationalize everything with a little argument. "Yes, Mr. Doubleday," he say, "but you forget the volume of work that passes over *my* desk." Effendi used to continue the story by insisting that one evening, coming by after Billy had gone home, he swept off all the floating papers, deposited them in a drawer in his own room, and waited to see what would happen. He used to affirm that everything went on just the same and Billy never knew the difference. This, however, I do not quite believe.

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Effendi always had his own singularly humorous way of going after what he wanted. When it didn't work he was just as much amused as when it did. I've been told of the time when he wished to dismiss a private secretary without having to tell him so in so many words. He dictated a letter to the man himself suggesting the advisability of his resignation. The victim took it down without comment, but replied with another letter, duly sent through the mail, insisting on his merits and the desirability of his remaining. I believe he left eventually; but Effendi always enjoyed audacity that had some warrant of ability behind it.

An old incident dating from his days at Scribner's was very typical of his ingenious strategems. When he was the young manager of *Scribner's Magazine* he was disturbed by a series of articles on philosophy by William James which the editor gave first position in the magazine every month. Doubleday thought them too heavy for the lead-off position; he was fighting hard, as always, for large distribution, and hankered for some more popular feature. His protests did not seem to have any effect, so one day he cut out a particularly solid paragraph of Professor James's text and pasted it in his hat. He began leaving his hat around where he thought Mr. Scribner would see it. Perhaps Mr. Scribner did see it, but with good old-fashioned gentility believed that what another man carries inside his hat is his own affair. But finally, as they were going out to lunch one day and the inside of the hat was carefully exposed to Mr. Scribner's view, he could restrain himself no longer.

"Doubleday," he said, "what on earth have you got in your hat?"

This was the young manager's moment of triumph. "I'll show you," he said, and held out the passage from Professor James. "That's the kind of thing you expect me to sell on the front page of *Scribner's* every month." Mr. Scribner read carefully some passage or other on the Validity of Conscience or the Ontology of Being, and admitted that perhaps it was not good editorial strategy.

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Effendi was really the first of a new era in book publishing—which he visualized foremost as a business, not merely as a dignified literary avocation. He realized, perhaps more clearly than any other man, that the possibilities of book distribution have hardly been scratched. He developed the Mail Order and Subscription phases of the business to remarkable dimensions. Against much opposition and advice he moved his business 20 miles out into the country to secure space and attractive working conditions; he repeated the same brilliantly successful experiment when he became majority owner of the famous Heinemann imprint in England. He was inexhaustible in fertile schemes for larger distribution. The idea that publishing should be essentially an intelligently conducted commerce, not a form of aesthetic bohemianism, appealed strongly to his authors. He was, I think, the first publisher anywhere to submit to his authors royalty statements checked and substantiated by outside accountants. He developed a successful chain of his own bookstores as laboratories of selling. He was frequently under fire from the Trade for his experiments in new directions, but I think he firmly believed that every form of book distribution is ultimately a repercussion of benefit. No man was ever more enthusiastic in his heart for fine things; he dreamed night and day of a List which would be the greatest ever put together. When a group of de luxe French binders found the going too hard in New York he moved them bodily out to Garden City to do special jobs of beauty. Years ago, before the name of Joseph Conrad was known to more than a few critics, he was contributing a monthly stipend to keep Conrad writing—and this long before any of Conrad's books were under his own imprint. It was his young enthusiasm that first got all Stevenson's books together under the Scribner name. On his own list, to speak only of the greatest, there were three for whom his service can never be forgotten—Kipling, O. Henry, and Conrad. Those are his classics.

And now, as he would say when talk began to run overlong, let's get back to work.

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P.S. I was late with this copy and was hastily reading it over as I came downtown in the subway. I looked up and saw a girl carrying a book—a book that has Effendi's name on its back and which would never have been written but for him. And that, I thought to myself, is the great publisher's real epitaph. Many thousands, to whom his name may mean little, yet carry it round with them. It seemed symbolic of the endless way in which our trade, though small in figures, interweaves human lives and can even move the globe itself. It was that "dynamite and wildcats" (a phrase of his own) which he felt in the publishing business, and in which he took more manly joy than any man I have known.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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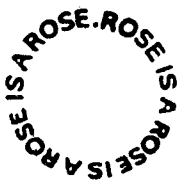

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Also by Gertrude Stein

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS

$3.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.

383 Madison Avenue • New York

Ora Weagle

(*Continued from page* 466)

It was called "Werewolfe and Wan Ladye," and it was, as he pointed out to the *Souvenir* staff, simply a humdinger for horror. It was laid in a Castle in Austria, a country which was apparently bounded by France and Lithuania. The Ladye lived in a dreadful drafty Gallerie along whose walls the banners fluttered in winter gales which, in that part of Austria, prevailed throughout the year. She was good to look upon; her hair was like a raven's wings, her dainty fingers were icicles, and her delectable mouth was both a drop of blood and a petal of passion-flower. But she simply would turn into a wolf and run about nights, and after meeting her two or three times with a lot of rowdy wolves in a pine woods, her baronial lover went and got a silver bullet and ended the whole business.

A year and a half ago, in his first poem in the *Christian Advocate*, Ora had already been translated to Marcel Lenoir, and it was under that elegant guise that he appeared as the authority on elephant psychology and as the dread singer of werewolves. But Marcel was overworked. Presently Ora had as many as forty brief manuscripts out on the road at once, and he added to his private staff Captain Dick Warlock—presumably in recollection of the magnificent traveling man, J. Hector Warlock — and Cyril Thorncastle and Gwendolyn Dorset. He even, as he grew in vision and enterprise, used his own name, particularly for the frequent whimsical rustic essays which began, "As I look across the hollyhocks and clove pinks here in my old-fashioned Vermont dooryard, I see Deacon Applegate jogging up the road behind his old speckled mare, and I 'low that it's time for another old-time chin-fest."

Then, to the great S. Mouncey Glebe, editor of *Yankee Doodle, Ora* sold his twenty-thousand-word masterpiece, "Navajo Moon," which Myron was to read in St. Louis. He received a whole two hundred dollars, and with this fortune he threw up his job on the Waterbury *Souvenir* and went to New York at twenty-two, prepared to conquer the world.

Mr. S. Mouncey Glebe was a thin, sandy-bearded, worried, drunken, affable man who edited, in the manner of manufacturing popular brands of soap, not only that sturdy adventure magazine *Yankee Doodle* but also *Fish and Feather, Deeds of Derring Do, Uncle Joe's Mammoth Monthly*, and *Club and Campus*. They were all perfectly interchangeable, like the contents of different soap boxes, except that *Club and Campus* was intended to appeal to the more superior intellects—to mental ages above eight. By editing these, and on the side writing monthly a book of etiquette or of card tricks or of fortune-telling, Mr. Glebe was able to wrench loose from his boss, the president of the Happy Hearts Publishing Company, the sum of sixty-five dollars a week, of which his consort, Mrs. Glebe—a premature widow who really liked living in East Orange—weekly took away sixty-two dollars, herself buying his commutation tickets and annual seedy hat. But that did not matter, because Mr. Glebe could depend on his contributors for the eight or ten daily drinks necessary for him to endure the unintermittent locusts' plague of manuscripts dealing with ranches, forecastles, humble but valiant homesteads in the Ozarks, and villains at Monte Carlo.

It was said that S. Mouncey Glebe was an Englishman, an educated cockney, but rival leaders among the hackwriters who swarmed about the Happy Hearts Publishing Company offices asserted that he was an Australian, a Tasmanian, and a native of Oklahoma who had been a sailor. In any case, he was a pinched and kindly little man whose eyeglasses were always sliding off his thin but greasy nose into his beer, and sometimes he lay awake fretting because he could not pay even the most brillant of the Boys more than a cent a word.

He greeted Ora Weagle with cackles, took him across the street to Terry's Place, the favorite hangout of the Happy Hearts bunch, and introduced him to that celebrated author of Boer War and East Indian stores, Colonel Falkenstein, whose name was Sam Katz; to the Comte de Tour D'Argent, author of Riviera mysteries, whose name was William Tecumseh Jones; to Wilson Ketch, the master of Westerns and of mystic stories dealing with Egyptian mummies; and to Joe Butter, of the Park Row True Newspaper Stories—whose names, curiously enough, were Wilson Ketch and Joe Butter.

That was at three in the afternoon. At midnight Joe Butter found a cheap hotel for Ora, while Colonel Falkenstein took Mr. Glebe back to his chaste villa in East Orange—but only as far as the front porch.

For a year Ora was what he regarded as successful. He was able to get two stories a month, at fifty or sixty dollars a story, into one or another of S. Mouncey Glebe's magazines. After four months he seemed to have run out of plots, but Wilson Ketch (a lean, dry, generous stick of a man who had wanted to be a professor of Sanskrit but had made the mistake of marrying the landlady's daughter) taught Ora his own trade secret. The trick was to go to the public library, read rival magazines till you found an agreeable story plot, steal it, and transfer it to a different setting. If, for example, it was a story of American soldiers in the Philippines, you switched it to India, and Captain Jack Trowbridge became Major the Hon. Cyril Denecourt, while his faithful striker, Juan Fernandez, became the equally faithful Sorabjee Kah. As for the "local color" of the new version, that was just as easy—you simply stole it from a second story.

Ora was not altogether satisfied with this method of producing literature. He retained a notion of great, flaming poems, and of novels which would either strip the human soul or clothe its nakedness with light. But it did insure an income sufficient for a monthly bourbon-and-lemon-juice party with fellow artists in his attic on Washington Place, and occasional meals for the girls whom he met at the reciprocal parties of his new friends; lovely parties, at which you sat on the floor and kissed every girl in sight and sang "Auprès de Ma Blonde." He was immediately known as a success with the girls, and it was a sparse Sunday morning when one of them was not in his room for breakfast.

Besides, this patent method of story invention gave him freedom in creation. He would have hesitated to introduce a fatal ruby or a poisoned medieval dagger or a

SINCLAIR LEWIS LOOKING OVER THE HOTEL SITUATION IN AUSTRIA, WITH ADOLPH MENJOU

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gentleman outfacing a mob of fifty maniacs in a story laid in Black Thread Center, but they were perfectly natural and pleasant when he was dealing with Sumatra or Rio.

He did not altogether give up ambition. He informed Wilson Ketch, "Even in my worst stuff, I get away with a lot of beauty that's way over the heads of my readers, without that sap Mousey Glebe ever knowing it. I think that description of opal dawn over the Straits of Mandalay was like Edgar Saltus. Full of color. I wonder if there *are* any Straits of Mandalay? I must buy an atlas. It certainly is one useful book for a fiction writer."

He continued to plan and write scattered passages of a long novel called "The Secret Soul." It was to be as public an undressing of the heart as "The Story of Mary MacLane," which had come out two years before and which Ora admired beyond all American prose. For, he asserted, the other pioneer realism of the era, "The Damnation of Theron Ware" and "Sister Carrie" and "Main-Travelled Roads" and "Silas Lapham," though they were well enough, did not have the poetry and passion, the scarlet tresses and ivory limbs that *he* was going to give the world. "The Secret Soul" was the story of a sensitive, sweet-tempered young poet who lived in a stinking little hotel in White Hill Center, Massachusetts, who was bullied and sneered at by his hulking brother, named Emery, but who courageously lifted himself out, worked on a small-city newspaper—of whose staff he would make a good deal of decidedly acid fun—came to New York, wrote a novel, and was a whale of a success.

After seven or eight months in New York, Ora made a mistake.

He was trying to write not only for the Happy Hearts group but for practically every other periodical in the United States. He intended for a magazine in San Francisco a story whose plot he had taken from one number of *Yankee Doodle* and its fetching local color, of northern Siberia, from another. Probably he was careless, for he forgot to change a couple of the names, and by accident, on an evening after a noble party at Colonel Falkenstein's one-room-and-sink apartment in the old Caledonia Hotel, he sent the story off not to San Francisco but to S. Mouncey Glebe.

Mr. Glebe wrote next day, asking him to call.

"I think I have been pretty decent to you, Ora," said the little man. "I had hoped you would quit turning out tripe and begin to write. I don't so much mind your being a thief as your being a clumsy thief. I perceive that as soon as I finish, you are going to whimper. You needn't. I'm done. I shall never read another story by you. Get out!"

Two months later Ora appeared at Tippecanoe Lodge—an author, twenty-three, penniless, and drunk.

Sinclair Lewis's Art of Work

(*Continued from first page*)

the best of its humble kind, fired again by perfectionist ambition to create what never was on sea or land, and at the end of the story once more embarking upon the ambitious cycle of escape from reality which will end once more in failure.

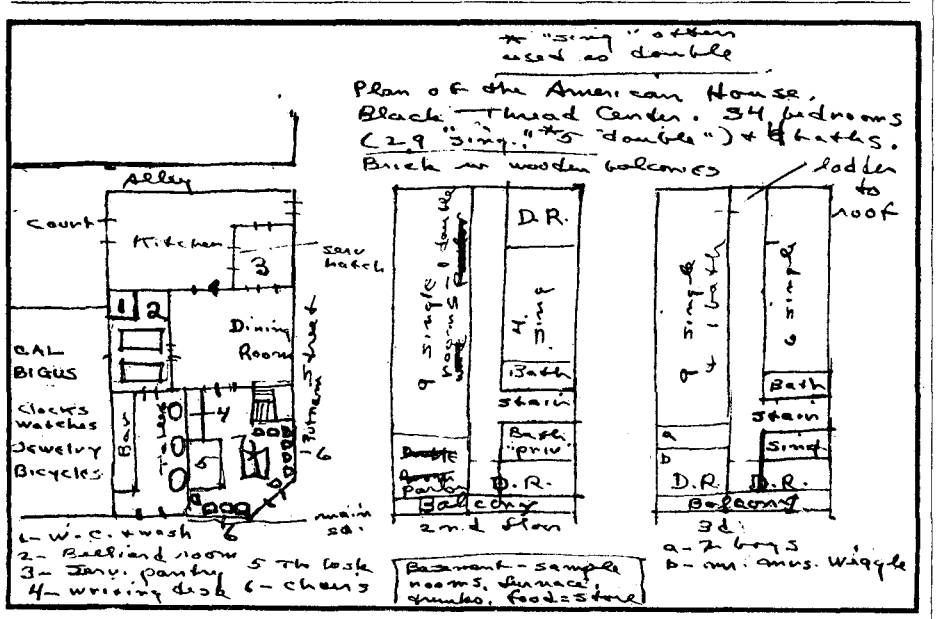
But not in the novel itself. In the novel, Myron stops. In the novel Myron learns that to do what can be done perfectly is better than to escape into dreams. In the novel, he takes his son's advice and turns from his Kansas hotel to make another actuality—the tourist auto camp—as good as it can be made, letting the ideal hotel of the future go glimmering where Ora's mind lived among unrealizable dreams.

Thus one sees Lewis in his workshop stiffening, enriching, and making valid his novel by that accurate, specific, first-hand knowledge which so many novelists despise or, without despising, lack. And one sees his basic idea, which was not quite realized in his scenarios, visibly reforming the conclusion of the book.

But there is more visible than this. The scheme of the industrious and the idle apprentice, it is clear, broke down in practice; broke down because the literature of bunk and sham and weak aspiration which Ora Weagle represented, did not, when the composition of the book began, interest Lewis beyond the point of caricature, whereas the highly technical vocation of hotel keeping, with all its human implications, and its resemblances to other arts more easily recognized as such, did interest him increasingly. One can see as the story progresses the character of Ora, the poet, who at the beginning seems meant for the hero, lose interest, weaken, grow shadowy, and emerge finally as little more than a caricature; while Myron, stolid and dull at the beginning, takes on color and wisdom, until he becomes the book.

A less skilful novelist would have left in his story the elaborate structure of incident which, from the notebook, it is clear that Lewis had prepared for Ora. But Lewis must have felt early in his work that the balance between the two brothers was a false balance. It was not a balance and a contrast between a sham and a true art that really interested him, so much as the sympathetic, imaginative, and highly expert study of a vocation which, though despised as a commerce, was a true art, and the character in which it was dramatized. Hence the Ora of the notebook was ruthlessly shoved to the margin of the picture, and his tale, except in outline, remains untold.

We are fortunate in being able to present a by-product of this actual shaping of a novel, a contour, so to speak, of the block the sculptor was working on, which, good in itself, proved not to belong in the design. The episode that follows is referred to on page 120 of "Work of Art," where (in the published text) Myron found Ora and Herbert together, at the bar. It was intended to be Chapter IX of "Work of Art." Ora did meet Herbert, did see Yale life with him, but at this stage of the novel, what Ora did or thought had come to seem relatively unimportant to Lewis. Whether he wrote this chapter and then discarded it in order to keep to Myron's story, or cut it out of the completed novel, I do not know. In either case, the reason why is clear, and no apology is needed for printing here a scene that belonged not in Lewis's published novel, but in the book he intended to write.



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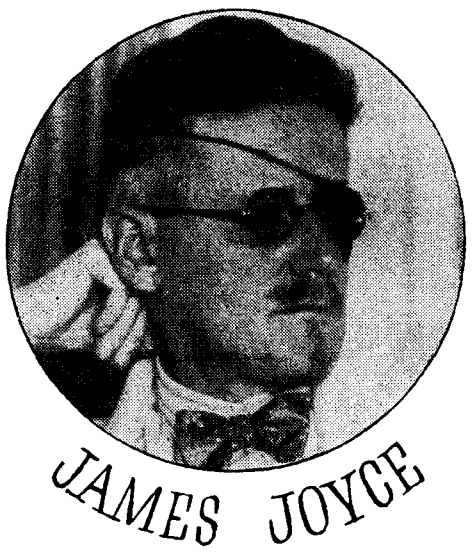


JAMES JOYCE

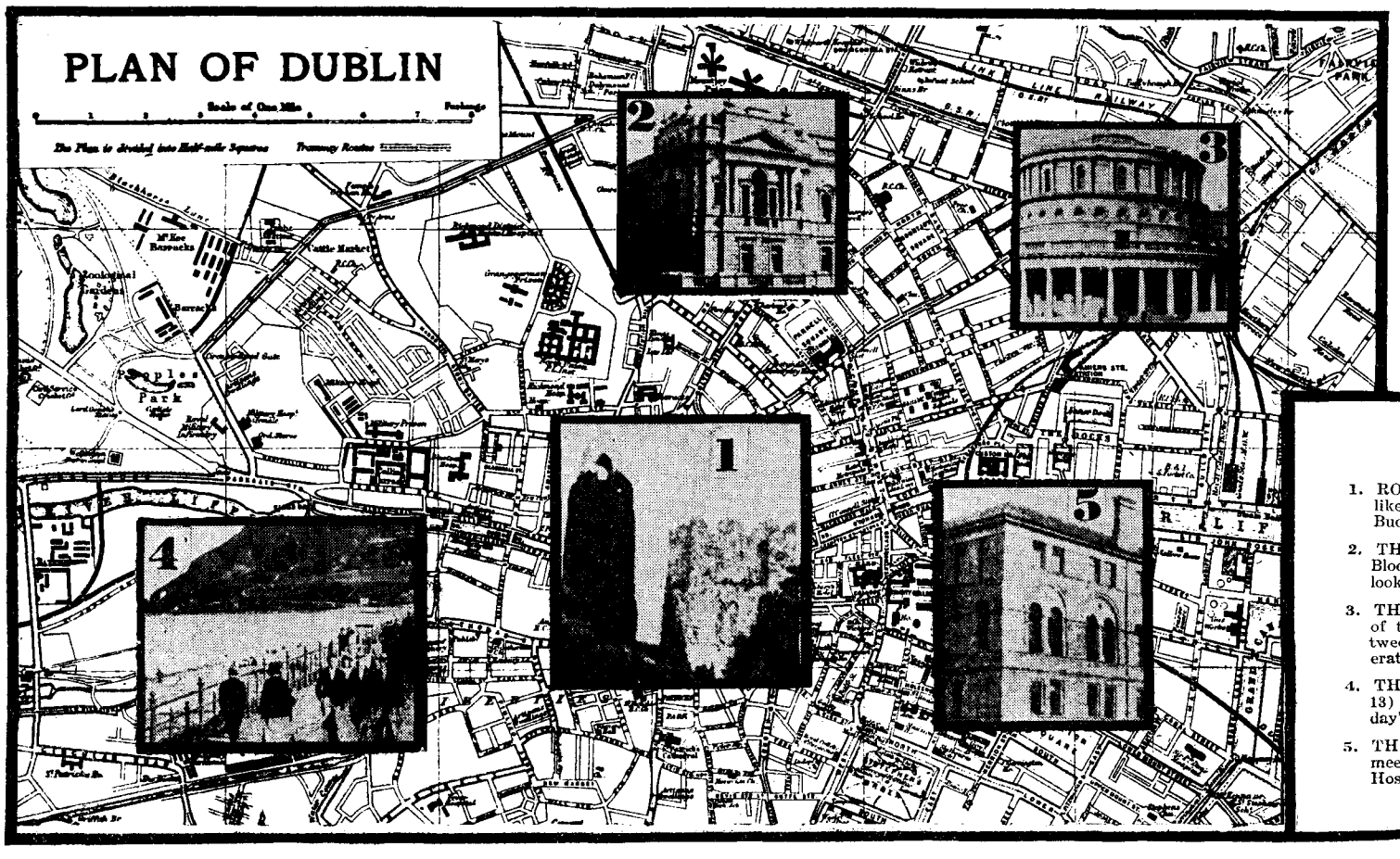
STUART GILBERT, in his masterly essay on ULYSSES, says: "It is like a great net let down from heaven including in the infinite variety of its take the magnificent and the petty, the holy and the obscene. In this story of a Dublin day we read the epic of mankind."

This monumental novel about twenty hours in the life of an average man can be read and appreciated like any other great novel once its framework and form are visualized . . . just as we can enjoy *Hamlet* without solving all the problems which agitate the critics and scholars. The structure of Ulysses is composed of three elements: the symbolic narrative of the Odyssey, the spiritual planes of the Divine Comedy and the psychological problem of Hamlet. With a plot furnished by Homer, against a setting by Dante, and with characters motivated by Shakespeare, Ulysses is really not as difficult to comprehend as critics like to pretend.

The real clue to Ulysses is simple: the title itself. Just as the Odyssey was the story of Odysseus, Telemachus and Penelope: the father who tries to find his home; the son who seeks his father; the constant wife who puts off her suitors and waits for her husband's return . . . so Ulysses is the story of Leopold Bloom, Stephen Dedalus and Molly Bloom: the father, an average man whose life is incomplete because his only son died in infancy and whom no one will honor or remember after his death; the son, a young poet who finds no spiritual sustenance in art or religion, and who is looking for a symbolic father—a certainty on which he can base his life; the wife, who is the earthly element, a parody of Penelope in her inconstancy, her bawdiness, her animal existence. The theme of the Odyssey has been called "the dominance of mind over circumstance"; and the theme of Ulysses, "the dominance of circumstance over mind."

Each of the characters in Ulysses exists on three different planes of reality. First, the naturalistic which involves the adventures of Stephen and Leopold during one day in Dublin; second, the classical which concerns the parallelism between Ulysses and the Odyssey in respect to the characters, events, and pattern; third, the symbolic which brings in the allusions to philosophy and to Irish history which have given Ulysses a special esoteric significance to a few learned readers. Here Joyce makes every chapter represent a color, a science or art, a symbol, an organ of the body, and a literary technique. But these things need not concern the general reader whose enjoyment of Ulysses depends on its humor, its wisdom, and its essential humanity. Beyond the esoteric significance of parts of the book, and beyond the tremendous wealth of details it offers about manners, morals, customs, thoughts, gestures, and speech, there lies as the solid basis of it one of the most exciting stories offered by modern fiction: the complete, unexpurgated record of a man's uninhibited adventures, mental and physical, during the course of one full day.

To better understand the action of Ulysses and the relation of the characters in it to real life as well as to their counterparts in the Odyssey, the following list of principal characters will be helpful.



LEGEND

1. ROUND TOWER (Part 1, Chapter 1) like the one where Stephen Dedalus and Buck Mulligan have breakfast.
2. THE MUSEUM (Chapter 8) where Bloom stops en route to the library to look at the nude statues.
3. THE LIBRARY, (Chapter 9) the scene of the famous discussion of *Hamlet* between Stephen, Buck and the Irish literati.
4. THE BEACH: Dublin Bay (Chapter 13) where Bloom goes to rest from his day's wanderings.
5. THE MEDICAL SCHOOL. The students meet (Chapter 14) in the Maternity Hospital attached to it.

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YSSES

THE CHARACTERS IN ULYSSES

In Ulysses	*In Real Life*	*In The Odyssey*
Stephen Dedalus	Joyce at 22	Telemachus, son of Odysseus
Leopold Bloom	An Irish Jew, the "average man."	Odysseus
Molly Bloom	Wife of Leopold; with Spanish, Jewish and Irish blood.	Penelope and Calypso
Buck Mulligan	Young medical student, friend of Stephen (identified as Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, friend of Joyce).	Partly Antinous, in relation to Telemachus.
Blazes Boylan	Cheap man-about-town.	Antinous, the suitor of Penelope.
Paddy Dignam	Deceased friend of Bloom.	Elpenor
Mr. Deasy	Master of school where Stephen teaches.	Nestor
The Citizen	A mad patriot, who tries to kill Bloom.	Polyphemus
Gerty MacDowell	Romantic girl who attracts Bloom.	Nausicaa
Bella Cohen	Proprietor of a brothel.	Circe

But the deepest pleasure to be derived from reading Ulysses is not the artificial one of being able to identify the characters and episodes. That involves recognition only of the framework for this story of vast proportions and microscopic detail.

Here are brief summaries of the eighteen chapters that compose the book:

PART ONE

THE PRELUDE: Stephen Dedalus' morning. Like Telemachus in the Odyssey, Stephen sets out to find his father.

1 BREAKFAST in the Round Tower. Stephen and Buck Mulligan, with a young Englishman named Haines, in Ireland for "local color." Dedalus, Mulligan supply it facetiously, sometimes blasphemously; discussion of Irish art and history.

2 STEPHEN teaches history class at boys' school. Talks with Mr. Deasy (Nestor) who doubts if Stephen will remain long in the school.

3 STEPHEN walks on the beach; his thoughts reflect his life. Corresponds to episode in Odyssey where Menelaus meets Proteus, the "old man of the sea."

PART TWO

LEOPOLD BLOOM'S day—the wanderings of Ulysses. Bloom is an advertising solicitor; his job is to "make contacts"—hence his itinerant adventures. Through his eyes we see the whole panorama of Dublin, from the Lord Lieutenant to the bum in the pub. He is the *homme moyen sensuel*, with enough intellectual curiosity to try to discover—as he might say—what life is all about.

4 BLOOM prepares his wife's breakfast. Buys and cooks a kidney for himself. Takes breakfast and letters to Molly in bed; one letter from her suitor, Blazes Boylan, impresario for Molly's concert tour. Episode corresponds to Calypso's island in *Odyssey*, where Odysseus is held against his will. Bloom is held in Ireland by Molly; would prefer to live in the sunny Mediterranean land of his ancestors.

5 BLOOM goes to post-office, receives letter addressed to "Henry Flower," the name he adopted to carry on lonely-hearts correspondence. Goes to mass, reflects on Catholic religion; emerges, buys soap, goes to public baths. Bloom's characterization and lively thoughts are the substance of this episode, which corresponds to that of the Lotus-Eaters in the Odyssey.

6 BLOOM goes with Stephen's father and others to the funeral of Paddy Dignam. They pass Stephen. Theme of Death developed; Bloom recalls his father, who committed suicide, and his son Rudy, who died in infancy.

7 THIS chapter is told in journalese, with sections broken by headlines. Bloom visits newspaper office to insert advertisement. The newspaper men and their work are described. Stephen enters, to arrange for publication of Mr. Deasy's article, but does not meet Bloom. *Evening Telegraph* office corresponds to Cave of the Winds in the Odyssey.

8 BLOOM looks for a place to have lunch; passes various people, including sandwich-men and the poet A. E.; talks with Mrs. Breen of Mrs. Purefoy, who has been in labor three days and whose child is to be born in a later episode. One lunch room reminds him of slaughter house where he once worked; he gets a sandwich elsewhere; sets out for library, where he has to look up ad in back newspapers; stops en route at Museum to look at nude statues.

9 THE scene is the National Library: Stephen Dedalus (Joyce), Mulligan (Gogarty) discuss *Hamlet* with Irish literati including A. E. and John Eglinton. Father-son theme of *Hamlet* predominantly parallels the same theme in *Ulysses*. Opposing points of view represent Scylla and Charybdis of *The Odyssey*.

10 THIS chapter consists of 18 short episodes, the events befalling various Dublin characters. Blazes Boylan buys fruit for Molly Bloom whom he is to see at 4 o'clock. Mr. Bloom buys novels for his wife. Chapter closes with passage through Dublin of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Homeric parallel: the course of Odysseus at sea.

11 THE scene is the barroom of the Ormond Hotel; the barmaids, Miss Douce and Miss Kennedy, hear the Lord Lieutenant's carriage go by. They flirt with Boylan who then leaves to go to Mrs. Bloom; Bloom enters for a belated lunch. Simon Dedalus (Stephen's father) and two others sing at the piano. Bloom, as "Henry Flower," answers letter from Martha Clifford, received that morning.

12 THE "Cyclops" chapter, the most gorgeously humorous in the book. It is told by a Dublin bum, in racy Irish dialect (perfectly comprehensible), and it tells of the meeting of Bloom and "The Citizen"—a drunken banshee of a Sinn Feiner—in a saloon. He wants to kill Bloom, chases him into the street, throws a biscuit-tin at him but misses, because—like Polyphemus—he is blinded by the sun. Bloom and the Citizen are gorgeously taken off in parodies of scientific jargon, cheap journalism, romance: showing the difference between their opinions of themselves and the realities which they represent.

13 ANOTHER extremely humorous chapter, almost entirely a parody of cheap romantic fiction—the self-projection of Gerty MacDowell (Nausicaa) at the beach, Dublin Bay, where Bloom has gone to rest from his day's wanderings. Gerty romanticizes Bloom as a hero, and day-dreams a love-affair with him. Bloom's thoughts and actions in regard to Gerty are more direct and realistic.

14 THIS is the culminating chapter of parodies, more or less summarizing the outstanding prose styles of English literature from the mediaeval to the present. The medical students are at dinner in the Lying-In-Hospital, Dublin, while Mrs. Purefoy is being delivered of a child upstairs. It ends in a mixture of dialect and slang, as Stephen and the students, followed by Bloom, go to a barroom and get drunk. Homeric parallel: The Oxen of the Sun.

15 PROBABLY the most famous chapter of *Ulysses*—the Circe episode in the brothel, all of it in dramatic dialogue. Many new characters are involved—soldiers, prostitutes, an idiot; and various characters in Bloom's and Stephen's imaginations, as these are worked upon by alcohol. This scene is a magnificent orgy, which outlines all the significant events of Stephen's and Bloom's lives.

PART THREE

THE MEETING of Odysseus and Telemachus; the return to Penelope.

16 BLOOM takes Stephen to the shelter of the cabman, Skin-the-Goat, to recuperate. (In the *Odyssey*, Telemachus meets Odysseus in the cave of Eumaeus, the goat-herd, but does not recognize him.)

17 BLOOM takes Stephen home with him. (The return to Ithaca.) The style is that of a theological catechism. Stephen departs, and Bloom goes to Molly.

18 IN the final chapter the story returns to earth, in the Gargantuan coda of the earthly Penelope—Molly Bloom's soliloquy in bed. The story comes down to the terms of the animal as we see what Molly thinks of Bloom and Boylan, of herself and her life. The triumph of circumstance over mind is complete.

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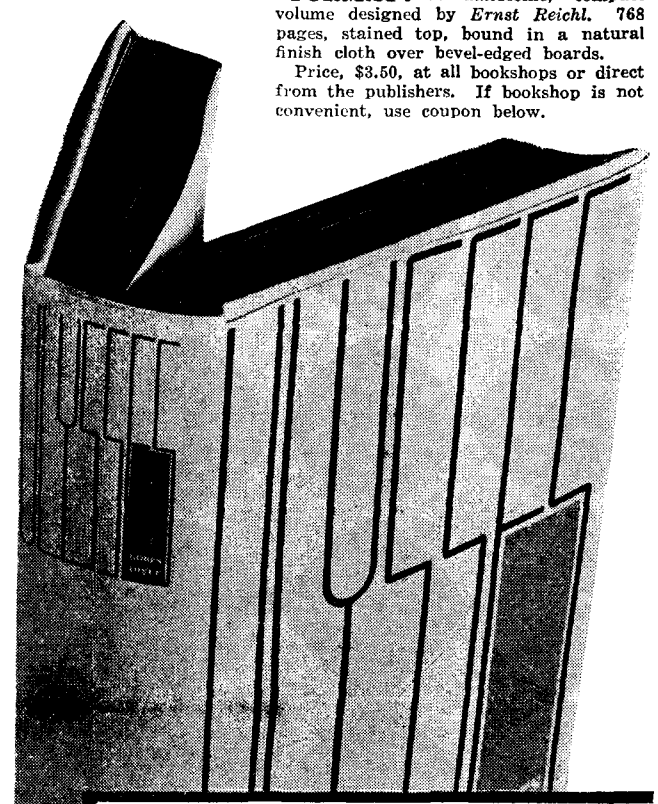

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A Play Like Poetry

COME OF AGE. By Clemence Dane and Richard Addinsell. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT has seemed to me that the regular dramatic critics of New York were a little too smart for this play. It is frankly an experiment in a new form, which a good many minds did not seem flexible enough or interested enough in dramatic writing, as an art susceptible of development along new lines, to grasp. The presentation of a play is so expensive a matter, the number of people who depend upon the stage for a livelihood so large, that what most managers flinch from is the experimental, anything that may be difficult for the average audience wholly to understand. But I wonder why some of the critics missed so completely the dexterousness Miss Dane and Mr. Addinsell brought to the development of accurate speech rhythms. I will admit at the outset, both from having seen and having read the play, that I am inclined somewhat to sympathize with Mr. Gilbert Gabriel, who went from the theatre with the rhymes so ringing in his head that he wrote quite a funny rhymed review. Yet there is a form of theatrical presentation known as the comic opera, a form so universally accepted that people put up with a great deal of emptiness, silliness, and general trash about it, usually for the sake of certain outstanding performers. We are demanding a little more of this form, to be sure, at the present time; but for years we have placidly accepted a great deal of its dreary tediousness as somehow comic. It was grooved in our minds that this was "entertainment."

Now what Miss Dane and Mr. Addinsell essayed to do was to furnish quite a different sort of entertainment, a much higher form, wondering whether, as is said in the Preface to the book, it were possible, among other things, "to express real emotion in doggerel, which is the slang of poetry." Theirs is an English play, and the Preface states

> As you listen to modern English colloquial speech [as contrasted with American], your ear is aware that the rhythms are no longer the basis of blank verse. They are quick, clipped, drooping, shy, staccato, with an incessant, though irregular, chime of recurring sounds that match and half match. This modern slang-laden prose speech has been caught, timed, and fixed for the stage by the younger writers of the day, in particular, of course, by Noel Coward. But I have not yet come across any modern plays in which these modern rhythms have a verse formula.

And as to the musical accompaniment worked out for the play,

> The theatre, which deals in emotion, must be able to use the rhythms of the dance orchestra, or the radio, not only in its comedies, but in its tragedies.

Such was the attempt. When the dead Chatterton comes alive in the present day, indeed just as the voice of Death is fading in the first part of Act I, the tempo changes into modern staccato, the words blend into the words of modern people. After that the attempt is to capture the haste and brittleness of the sophisticated modern scene. And, though I do not contend that the authors have wholly succeeded in a task of extraordinary difficulty, I do contend that they created a remarkably *playable* continuity of dialogue, that their rhymes were remarkably agile, that the flexibility of the speech should have been patent. As for Miss Judith Anderson's handling and moulding of the lines, at certain times she accomplished a feat little short of miraculous. She achieved the authors' intention and at the same time managed her speeches with the utmost naturalness.

There is great and poignant beauty in this play. To this beauty the admirable arrangement of the accompanying music and singing voices contributed, the fine and sensitive playing of the principals, the utter rightness of the décor. And the play is nearer to being a poem put on the stage than any play I remember having seen—for at moments of its playing the poetic-dramatic quality that one finds implicit in one's reading of it, emerges strikingly. In a sense it is a gem of experimentation—though a flawed gem in that it *is*, inevitably, experimentation. But in any modern poet's breast it must strike fire and suggest remarkable possibilities.

We cannot probably ever again have the old blank-verse poetic drama with the slightest chance of its being successful upon the stage. A great deal has been said of Mr. Maxwell Anderson's restoring poetic drama to the stage in his "Mary of Scotland." All honor to Mr. Anderson—but he does not write in blank verse. He writes in his own adaptation of it to modern demands and circumstances which cannot be negated. And in an historical drama the rhythms are necessarily entirely different. In a modern poetic drama it is probable that rhyme must be eschewed, to judge by the enormously clever failure in rhyme of "Come of Age" —for, on the whole, the device *is* a failure —but, for all that, Miss Dane's contention about the rhythms of modern English speech remains perfectly sound. The rhythms of modern American speech, she says, are nearer to blank verse. It remains for an American poet and dramatist to explore their resources. Poetry probes deepest into the human emotions, after all. And poetry is an essence, not a thing of mere rhyme-tags. I am suggesting an exciting speculation merely. But when the right poet, with a knowledge of the theatre, comes along with an idea for a play of really deep emotional values, he may find himself to possess a workable medium beyond the grasp of the prose playwright. And he will have Miss Dane and Mr. Addinsell to thank for pointing the way, in a daring and beautiful experiment.

Democracy in Prison

OSBORNE OF SING SING. By Frank Tannenbaum. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by BURDETTE G. LEWIS

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE, an ardent democrat, believed that the remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy. Always the crusader, he accepted the opportunity of putting his principles to the most hazardous of all tests, the government and discipline of America's most difficult and conspicuous prison, old Sing Sing, at Ossining. Mr. Osborne, as Chairman of the Board, had backed "Daddy" George and Calvin Derrick in their successful democratic adventure in Junior Republics for Wayward Youths, which Prince Henry of Prussia stated to Theodore Stanton ranked first of the three greatest things he saw in America, the other two being Niagara Falls and President Theodore Roosevelt. None save "Tom Brown," the name assumed by Mr. Osborne while serving a week as a volunteer prisoner at Auburn State Prison, thought of applying democratic principles in dealing with the non-social or anti-social adult population of the old Sing Sing.

Mr. Osborne counted upon the enforced intimacies and contacts of the congested and disgraceful old prison to teach the more hardened and individualistic of prisoners the value to each of self-sacrifice for, and of responsible coöperation with, one's fellow prisoners. If a man wronged any of his fellows, the idea was that the doer of the wrong would suffer in accordance with the divine decree and the "law" as administered by a group of that man's fellow prisoners democratically chosen for the purpose. Under the plan, there would be no official to blame nor any "alien" control to denounce if the social life and much of the economic operations of Sing Sing were not as agreeable as prisoners felt they should be in the make-believe isolation of a prison situated too near New York City.

That prison community, more preoccupied with domestic affairs than any democracy or utopian republic known in history, nevertheless had its public relations, both open and clandestine, more especially the latter. Even then the underworld, whence came most of the Sing Sing population, had its own local, state, regional, national, and international gov-

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ernment functioning smoothly under or within the framework of the "duly constituted" governments. The democratic scheme, within the prison, had to have its foreign relations and, that, Thomas Jefferson once said, was what a democratic or popular government couldn't handle, since it must, of necessity, be preoccupied with pressing and important domestic matters.

Mr. Osborne did not feel that he had to assume that all prisoners were endowed at birth with equal powers and abilities. In order to make his democratic scheme work, he relied upon his system more effectively to lead to divisions of responsibilities among the prisoners, than would be possible under any other plan. The contacts with organized society and governments, Mr. Osborne felt, he could manage himself. What he did not have were the contacts with and the full appreciation of the powers of that Oklocracy which G. Lowes Dickinson says has been built up in and now dominates many of America's largest cities. In "Osborne of Sing Sing," Frank Tannenbaum shows that the zealous prison reformer soon realized the necessity of carrying on livable relations with that other government, a proof of his ability to make contact with realities more effectively than any of the procession of socially blind competents and incompetents who had preceded Osborne as wardens of old Sing Sing.

Mr. Osborne made his first and greatest contribution to social reform when he proved to the world that there was a whole fabric of social life at Sing Sing to be made over or replaced. His second greatest achievement was in proving that the social scheme of things in that foul old place could be changed and that it would repay society as well as the residents of that community to make the effort. As a people, we had been blind both to these facts and to the possibilities. When "Tom Brown" opened our eyes effectively, he unloosed a whole torrent of social energy which has not ceased to flow and will never fail to pour on wherever men are men and hope dwells within the human breast. Osborne of Sing Sing gave to the prisoners and to the most menial of prison officers "a chance," and to workers and leaders in the fields of correction and reform he opened up new vistas of immediate personal recognition and of possible future achievements undreamed of before his day.

Having said all of this, it is just to add that Mr. Osborne made his own contributions to his downfall at Sing Sing. They are much less important than his successes, but "for the cause" of good prison administration, they need to be noted. In the first place, scientific methods could not guide and act as a corrective of the system. The democratic scheme was not planned and charted on paper, in advance, but like Topsy was just allowed to grow up. Details of administration were allowed to slide. In short, within the framework of an admirable system there was not sufficient implementing practically to allow the new order to destroy the old. Osborne's friends and admirers, including the National Committee on Prisons, felt compelled to scrap certain portions of the system, which Lawes previously had so fully demonstrated at New Hampton Farms Reformatory.

The reviewer trusts it is not amiss to add a personal word about Frank Tannenbaum, the author of "Osborne of Sing Sing." The life and work of Frank Tanenbaum, one of Mr. Osborne's most ardent champions and admirers, probably may be credited as one of Mr. Osborne's greatest successes. Although the fiery young agitator, barely out of his knee trousers, was unwisely advised by the great Lincoln Steffens and was treated too harshly, for one of his tender years, under our conventional system, nevertheless he had the faith and the courage to conquer obstacles that have defeated countless souls less serene and unconquerable.

* *

Burdette G. Lewis, who was commissioner of correction, New York City, from 1915 to 1917, was one of those who, during the administration of Mayor Mitchel, assisted the author of "Osborne of Sing Sing" to reinstate himself after serving a prison term for disturbing the peace during a period of unemployment.

Adams the Man

HONEST JOHN ADAMS. By Gilbert Chinard. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

PROFESSOR CHINARD has added to his long list of works on Jefferson and the early relations between France and America the best study of John Adams the man that has yet been written. The book is not, and does not pretend to be, a thorough and comprehensive account of Adams's career; that would have required a much longer work and more attention to American diplomatic history and the evolution of political parties than Professor Chinard offers. What we are given is an acute analysis of Adams's mind, particularly as it concerned itself with politics and government, and of the influences, personal and local as well as social and public, which made him the figure that he was. On the merely biographical side the presentation is ample, and the progress from a farm at Braintree, Massachusetts, to the Continental Congress, thence to Europe as a diplomatist and back to America to the vice-presidency and then the presidency, and on through the long years of private life until his death in 1825, is traced with skill and exceptional literary grace.

Adams appears to Professor Chinard as a self-made aristocrat "whose ascent was only possible in a democracy." He was forty years old when the Revolution "took him out of his provincial surroundings" in Boston, and his character and point of view were already fixed. Unlike many of his patriot associates, he "had no great vision of the future of America," and had read too widely in history to "believe that there was any possibility of setting up anywhere on earth a new form of government." The most that could be expected of the new republic was that it should be able to keep its place and avoid foreign entanglements, but its success would depend not upon the possession of superior virtue by either mass or class, for in Adams's view "men in all times and in all climes are led by selfish motives and selfish considerations," but upon the development of a system of governmental checks and balances which should prevent the usurpation of power by an office-holding class on the one hand and the rule of the mob on the other.

At every important point, accordingly, the ideas of Adams contrast sharply with the democratic ideas of Jefferson and the egalitarian doctrines of the Declaration of Independence. Naturally, with a generation which imagined that it had cut loose from the past and established something novel in government by which the future might be guided, he was not popular, and it is difficult to see how he could have attained popularity even if he had possessed some of the practical political skill of Hamilton. He was too honest, as well as too opinionated, too closely related, as Professor Chinard suggests, to the "intellectual family" of Clemenceau, too uncompromisingly realistic in his ideas of government, to win applause from a people which was pursuing ideals. And the momentary enthusiasm which greeted his rejection of French intrigue in the X. Y. Z. affair had no parallel before or after. Yet he was a patriot to the bone who "loved his country passionately and jealously, with the love of the farmer for the mother earth, for the soil tilled by his forebears in which he will be buried."

Professor Chinard's scholarship is sound and his research, within the limits which he has set, has been thorough. A good example of his care appears in his examination of the commonly accepted statement that the choice of Washington as commander-in-chief was due to Adams. He finds no "serious reason," on the whole, for not accepting the statement as correct, but he points out that it rests "largely, if not solely," upon the account which Adams himself gave many years later in his "Autobiography," and that his "imagination and sense of picturesqueness may have induced him to dramatize somewhat the famous scene." The book is a welcome addition to the very short list of really first-rate American historical biographies.

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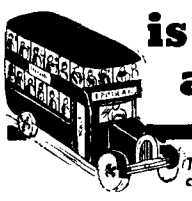

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THE CROWN JEWELS OF ENGLAND

SPEAKING of crown jewels, as we haven't yet, but as we shall soon, there was a time in the romantic days before the war, when royalty was less at a discount than it has been now for many a year, when we used to think the summit of earthly glory might be attained by being a beautiful queen appearing upon the parapet before the palace in Budapest clad in purple and ermine and wearing the gorgeous rubies and emeralds of the Austrian throne. Never, surely, was there a more magnificent background for a monarch than that frowning pile above the Danube, with the great sweep of steps leading up to its mass, and the city around and below melting into the lovely countryside. And those jewels back in Vienna deserved the most splendid setting which the Empire could furnish, so pellucid and intense was the green of the emeralds and so glowing and rich were the rubies. We were put vividly in mind of them the other day when our letterbag yielded up a note from *E. K. S. of Baltimore, Md.*, inquiring as to whether we could suggest a book containing an account of the crown jewels of England. Just what she wants comes to hand in THE CROWN JEWELS OF ENGLAND (Funk & Wagnalls), by Major General Sir George Younghusband and Cyril Davenport. If anyone should be able to describe the magnificent collection of gems belonging to the British throne, certainly Sir George is the man, for he is Keeper of the Jewel House, Tower of London. His large volume has full descriptions of all the jewels and exceedingly handsome color plates of some of them. The only trouble with it is that it is expensive, costing twenty dollars. A second book by Sir George, less lavishly illustrated, and more discursive in content, presenting juicy bits of history concerning the jewels and their domicile, is published in London by Jenkins. It is listed in the United States Catalog as selling at 3s 6d. We wonder whether E. S. K. noticed a dispatch to the papers recently from Pretoria to the effect that the lost half of the famous Cullinan diamond, which when found was three times as large as any other known, is supposed to have been discovered near the site from which the original stone was taken. The Cullinan was presented to King Edward VII in 1907 by the Transvaal government, and from it nine large stones and a number of small brilliants were made. The largest jewel cut from it is in the British royal scepter, and the next largest is set in the British crown.

LAUGHTER FOR ALL TIMES

So much for crown jewels. Now for joke books. *B. T. D. of Hyattsville, Md.*, wants a "book which would contain jokes suitable for after-dinner speeches and also a few humorous stories combined." This is somewhat different from the prepared speeches for which we had a request the other day. We've discovered a number of volumes embodying all sorts of quips, anecdotes, and humorous stories, but we think it would be the part of wisdom to be wary in using them lest the jokes fall flat from having been quoted too often. However, here's the list: SPEECH AND STORY FOR EVERY OCCASION (Noble), by B. F. Thomas, A TREASURE CHEST OF HUMOR, by J. H. Connor (De Kalb: Ill.), A LAUGH A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY (Garden City Publishing Co.), by Irvin Cobb, who has certainly called forth many a laugh on many a day himself, THE TOASTER'S HANDBOOK (Wilson), by P. Edmunds and H. W. Williams, which has attained the dignity of a third edition, and QUOTABLE ANECDOTES FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS (Dutton), by D. B. Knox. B. T. D. ought to be able to extract a whole battery of jokes from the group.

ON A DIVERSITY OF TOPICS

Crown jewels and joke books! We get enormous delight out of the diversity of requests which are addressed to our department. When we spread our correspondence out on our desk (alas! how often to put back letters we had hoped to find space for before reaching the bottom of our column), we feel as though we had a cross-section of human interest before us. There's a miscellaneous lot of inquiries at our elbow now. *M. P. C. of Sheffield, Ala.*, for instance (for whose kind words we take this parenthetical and inadequate way of expressing our gratitude) is preparing a paper on the literature of the Machine Age and wishes suggestions as to where she can find material bearing upon it. Much of the discussion which would be helpful is scattered through the magazines, and can be found by consulting THE READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE which is sure to be on the shelves of any library of even moderate size. We are omitting such articles, therefore, and concentrating on recent publications of greater length. Stuart Chase's MEN AND MACHINES (Macmillan) comes first to mind. It is one of the most provocative works on the subject, and has won its popularity partly through the liveliness of its presentment. It antedated the great technocratic cloudburst which deluged the public a year ago, and holds its own despite the flood of books which then appeared. Among these latter, Arkwright's A B C OF TECHNOCRACY (Harpers), AN INTRODUCTION TO TECHNOCRACY (Day), by Howard Scott and a group of his associates, and Stuart Chase's pamphlet, TECHNOCRACY, may be regarded as setting forth technocratic theory in authoritative form. For further material on her subject in its wider aspects M. P. C. would find rewarding the reading of such books as MACHINE MADE MAN (Farrar & Rinehart), by Silas Bent, MACHINE-MADE LEISURE (Harpers), by P. T. Frankl, TRAGEDIES OF PROGRESS (Dutton), by Gino Ferrero, SUCCESSFUL LIVING IN THIS MACHINE AGE (Simon & Schuster), by E. A. Filene and A. and C. Wood, and THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF POWER PRODUCTION (Day), by F. Henderson. Well, that's that. And now here is the request of *Mrs. R. T. S. of Abingdon, Va.*, who wants to know something of Walter Hampden and his theatre. Here again is a subject much of the material on which is to be found not in books but in journals. The New York newspapers of the period of the presentation of "Caponsacchi" will furnish the comment which Mrs. R. T. S. wants on its reception. The *Literary Digest* of November 13, 1926, quotes some of the reviews which then appeared. There was a later discussion of the play in the February 13 issue of the *New York Times*, and another in the *Theatre Magazine* for January, 1927, under the title "Mr. Hornblower Goes to the Play." As to more general comment on Walter Hampden Mrs. R. T. S. might refer to John Parker's WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE (Pitman), which gives the main facts of his life. And of course to WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA (Marquis). A most useful and informative article is one by Don Marquis which appeared in the *New York Herald Tribune* of January 19, 1930, and an interview with Mr. Hampden which might prove helpful was printed in the *Theatre Magazine* for April, 1928. This is entitled, "Neglect Shakespeare and the Theatre Dies."

Next on our list of inquiries is the letter of *S. F. H. of Omaha, Neb.*, asking us where she can get information as to literary prize awards. (And now again we wish we could properly express our thanks for the kind words of a correspondent. Unfortunately all we can do in response to the friendly letters which make our work so pleasant a duty is to make a general acknowledgment of gratitude and hope that our readers will realize how completely the barriers of impersonality go down before their messages. We have a feeling of acquaintanceship with them, and are sure that if we could meet them face to face we should find at once common grounds of interest.) One of the most informative discussions of literary awards is to be found in an article printed in the *Nation* for December 1, 1926, which, under the head "Laurels for Age; Checks for Youth," presents an analysis of the purpose and usefulness of literary prizes. A similar article, entitled "Prizes and Principles," appeared in the *Outlook* for May 19, 1926, and one, by Harriet Monroe, in *Poetry* for November, 1926, enumerates a number of prizewinners and sets forth their reaction to prizes. This last quotes part of a letter by Hauptmann to the German Minister of Science, Art, and Education on the subject. *Poetry* for December, 1927, presents "Mr. Pound on Prizes," a paper in which the poet advocates a new system for their award.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SETTECENTO SAUCE

I HAVE already had occasion to praise *Mr. James Laver.* I liked his long queer poem, "Macrocosmos." It wasn't entirely successful, but I still remember its phantasmagoria. I liked his introduction to the poems of Charles Churchill. Of course, his most important writing to date is probably contained in his novel, "Nymph Errant," which I have not yet read. But it has been praised by far better men than I. What I am interested in at the moment is a pleasing small book of three Popeish narratives called "Ladies' Mistakes" (Knopf), more or less in the eighteenth century manner but about modern females. So you perceive that this instalment in the *Phœnix Nest* is to deal with foothills Round about Parnassus, and that I open it with a notice of what is avowedly light verse, but light verse of such deftness and with such an amusing quality that I think it deserves first mention.

Mr. Laver's ladies have piquant old-fashioned names, Belinda and Araminta are two of them. The story of Belinda and the green chemise which she darned with pink thread is as light as froth, but in the description of the repulsed assault upon her virtue Mr. Laver has adopted the old method of personification of abstractions and human qualities with rare satirical success. On the authority of that best of all symposiums of bad verse, D. B. Wyndham Lewis's and Charles Lee's "The Stuffed Owl," I find that at the end of the seventeenth century one Belinda (in "The Old Bachelor") exclaimed, "Oh Gad! I have a great passion for Cowley—don't you admire him?" And this is the kind of thing that Abraham Cowley, "our English Horace," could see fit to write. (He is referring to that Dr. Harvey who discovered the circulation of the blood.)

Coy Nature (which remain'd, though agéd grown,
A beauteous virgin still, enjoy'd by none,
Nor seen unveil'd by any one.)

When Harvey's violent passion she did see,
Began to tremble and to flee,
Took sanctuary, like Daphne, in a tree,
etc., etc.

To such nonsense could the method of personification descend in the seventeenth century. Nevertheless it remained a favorite poetic device for a long time.

In this same manner, recounting the besieging of Belinda, Mr. Laver personifies Conscience, "Passion, with a red cap on his head," and finally that Vanity which saves Belinda's virtue:

Twirling his beard, his hat upon one ear,
A cross between a Spaniard and Mounseer,

Vanity's counsel "turned again tempestuous Fortune's tide," inasmuch as Vanity whispered in Belinda's ear:

I am no priest, be vicious if you please,
But not, Belinda, in a darned chemise! . . .
Since never maid, however lax, I think,
Would dare to darn a green chemise with pink.

It is all elegant fooling.

The second story relates how "grave Araminta," "in love with Culture," receives a thorough *éducation sentimentale* in the Arts, finally revolts from all its various kinds of artistic poseurs, and takes up with Alfred who

ending where his grandpapa began
Had reconstructed the Victorian.

He was completely surrounded by trophies of that period (which, I am sure, would have delighted the soul of Miss Edith Sitwell!). One gorgeous passage lists them. I cannot forgo quoting some of the contents of Alfred's library:

"Darwin Refuted," and "The Sinner's Need,"
"Ten Moral Tales, All Founded Upon Fact,"
"An Answer to an Answer to a Tract,"
"The Fires of Smithfield, or a Reign of Blood,"
"Short Lives (for Children) of the Great and Good,"
"The Scarlet Woman, or the Sin of Rome,"
"The Wickedness of Doubt," "The Christian Home,"
"The Girl's Companion," and "The Boy's Own Book,"
And "Bishop Bloomfield on the Pentateuch."

But suddenly dismay smites Alfred. In the very presence of the bust of Queen Victoria looking down from his portal, he and Araminta *are living together unmarried.* He had completely forgotten about that! Finally he cries:

"In three short weeks, if Providence lend life,
I'll be your husband, you shall be my wife,
And till that day, although it breaks my heart,
Let us live sober, single, and apart."

"Darling," she answers, nestling on his knee,
"I welcome marriage, but not pedantry."

"Cupid's Changeling," the last story, deals with a Cantabridgian who was mistaken by a lady novelist for one Maurice Baltimore, a current Movie Star of purest ray serene. The young man is seduced by the lady, who then discovers her mistake. But her mistake has so enkindled the hitherto blameless Mr. Johnson that

He who had been so timid, shy and meek,
Found himself master of a new technique,
Till in his blaze Don Juan's light grew dim,
And Casanova was a fool to him.

Mr. Laver has won the Newdigate at Oxford, has written histories of etching and theatrical costume and design, a life of Whistler, a novel, and a play which was produced in London in 1928.

"SANCTUARY" AND "FORETASTE"

Two books of poetry, one English and one American, rather stand out among those on my shelves at the present writing. The first is "Sanctuary," by *Christina Chapin,* first printed at Oxford and now published by Houghton Mifflin. I understand that it has been commended by critics as diverse as *Professor Kittredge* of Harvard and *John Masefield.* The author lives in Devonshire. She has told, in the stanza so characteristic of Byron, a story inspired by some ruined fortifications of pre-Roman times discovered by her near Winchester, England. It is the story of the early Britons' struggle against the Roman legions.

The best thing about this poem, to my mind, is the sense the poet gives of the ancient imperturbability of the English earth, the haunted downland, despite all the agony and bloodshed of that time. Her narration is grave and slow. I do not find it highly distinguished, though her story is a creditable effort. She seems, however, to be worth watching.

Peggy Pond Church's "Foretaste," (Writers' Editions, Santa Fé, New Mexico) is by a young writer whose work has appeared in various American magazines, but she is far more than a "magazine poet." While her title poem has a faint suggestion of *Edna St. Vincent Millay's* "Renascence," it obviously springs from real experience. "Drought" and "A Miracle of Santuario" are the two poems of hers that have impressed me most. In either free verse or rhyme, and in these poems she uses both, for variety, she is capable at her craft. Her descriptions of Southwestern landscape, her more personal moments, her feeling for the pioneer background of American life, are all interesting. Woman is always her protagonist, woman who is part of wild nature. "Escape" is pure poetry. I should say at this time that Mrs. Church might take the same place in American poetry as that achieved by Grace Hazard Conkling if she continues to write as genuinely and with as much awareness of life as this book shows. Her free verse has rhythm—so much of modern free verse has no movement. Here is a passage from "Rain" to illustrate:

The Rio Grande is tawny with Chama water;
Water from the red hills above Abiquiu;
From the clay hills beyond Chamita.
Rain glistens on lava cliffs by the Rio Grande
Like sweat on the smooth black flanks of a race-horse.
Like a swift horse rain is running through the valley!

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Literature Abroad

BY ERNEST BOYD

LAST month I referred to the fact that an Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, was the chief doctrinaire of pre-war Hohenzollern Teutonism. By an even more sardonic irony, the greatest theorist of Aryanism, the founder, so to speak, of what passes for the Nazi philosophy, is a Frenchman, Count Joseph Arthur de Gobineau. In his "Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races Humaines" the doctrine of race purity in general, and of German racial superiority in particular, is set forth in the best Hitlerite manner. Although published in 1853 and 1855, in two parts of two volumes each, this work has never been completely translated into English, despite its importance to any clear understanding of the genesis of German race mysticism. The first part was translated and published in Philadelphia as early as 1856, as a piece of pro-slavery propaganda, and the same city produced, in 1869, another Gobineau enthusiast, who translated "L'Abbaye de Typhaines."

Until the year before the war, the rest is silence, so far as Gobineau is concerned. Then the same part of the "Essai," under the title of "The Inequality of Human Races," was issued in England under the ægis of Nietzsche's translator, Dr. Oscar Levy, who also sponsored "The Renaissance." Both of these got lost in the general reaction of wartime against all things German and Nietzschean. After the war, however, the French, who had been almost as indifferent to Gobineau as we had, began to discover him. His works, for the most part rare and out of print, were reissued, and there was a not, I am afraid, very successful attempt made here to enlist interest in his more imaginative writings—not that the "Essai" is lacking in imagination! Mr. Ben Ray Redman introduced "La Fleur d'Or," originally a part of "La Renaissance," as "The Golden Flower" (Putnam), and I presented "Nouvelles Asiatiques," first published here in 1878, as "Five Oriental Tales" (Viking Press), and "Souvenirs de Voyage" as "The Crimson Handkerchief and Other Stories" (Harper). That is the roster of Gobineau's works in English up to date.

The latest book dealing with him and his work is Lorenzo Gigli's "Vita di Gobineau" (Milan: Bompiana), who significantly dedicates it to Hitler's rival, "Benito Mussolini, Duce della Nuova Rinascita Italiana," to quote the original. For forty years after Gobineau's death, in 1882, there were only four full-length studies of his life and work, the honors being divided evenly between France and Germany. The first, in 1902, was Dr. Eugen Kretzer's "Joseph Arthur Graf von Gobineau," then came Baron Ernest Seillière's indispensable and scholarly "Le Comte de Gobineau et l'Aryanisme Historique," a year later, followed by "La Vie et Prophéties du Comte de Gobineau" in 1905. Finally, in 1913, Ludwig Schemann, the president of the Gobineau Vereinigung in Strasbourg and authorized biographer and editor of all his works, issued the first huge volume of his monumental Life. So important was this deemed to be that the author was actually released from military service so that he could complete the second volume, which duly appeared in 1916. These thirteen hundred and more pages are the official source of all biographical data concerning Gobineau. Since then two theses on the subject have appeared, that of Maurice Lange, published in 1924 at Strasbourg University, and that of Arnold H. Rowbotham, published in English in Paris by the Librairie Ancienne Honoré Champion, in 1929.

I need hardly say that Signor Gigli's little book does not compete, nor pretend to do so, with Seillière or Schemann, but it is, with Kretzer's, the best compact study for the purposes of the average reader. The author apparently accepts Gobineau's pro-Aryan, anti-democratic thesis at its face value, and he is inclined to make light of the extent to which pan-Germanism entered into the enthusiasm with which Gobineau was elevated to a veritable cult in Germany. Professor Schemann's preface to the second volume of his biography puts the matter in a very different light, as did Dr. Kretzer many years earlier. He regards the war as a specific example of Gobineau's theory of race and even foresees a victory for Germanism which will not only vindicate the Aryans, but will save the civilized world from the threat of Asiatic miscegenation, for which England is held responsible by reason of the alliance with Japan. The German heroes, when confronted by the "yellow jackals," became more than ever conscious, according to Schemann, of "The Inequality of Human Races."

The theory underlying that work is of topical interest because of its incorporation into the propaganda of Hitler. Gobineau's brief is that the decadence of a people can never be attributed to the causes usually assigned, immorality, luxury, or inefficient government. These, in so far as they play any part, are symptoms of a disease, not the causes. Nations decline by reason of the admission of inferior blood. There are only three divisions of the human race, white, yellow, and black, and of these the white alone have maintained, and can maintain, a true civilization, because they alone possess the requisite qualities, bravery, and a sense of honor. The yellow races are timid, mediocre, unadventurous, and slaves of custom. The black are governed by blind appetites, sensuality, instability of purpose. Gobineau accepts the Biblical division into three peoples, the sons of Ham, Shem, and Japheth. The first were absorbed by the African negroes. The second died out through racial intermixture. The third developed into three branches, the first of which settled in Persia and became the Iranian Aryans, the second became known to history as the Greeks and the Romans, whose empires were ruined by Semitic infiltration and the Asiatic conquests of Alexander. Remains the third, the noblest of them all, the Germanic Aryans, which includes the English and the Scandinavians. Gobineau even invented a Viking ancestor for himself, and wrote his life under the title, "Histoire d'Ottar Jarl," "Pirate Norvégien," "Conquérant du Pays de Bray, en Normandie." Like Herr Alfred Rosenberg, he also argued that the civilization of Greece and Rome was saved by the barbaric invasions.

This is the author of whose theories Houston Stewart Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" was a mere vulgarization, and even a distortion, because Gobineau is careful to give the non-Aryan devils their due. He argues that the negro element is essential to the development of the arts, and he pays tribute to what he regards as the real achievements of the Jews. The obvious flaw in his theory is that no such absolute purity of race as he postulates exists, or can exist for long, and he frankly tells the Germans that their Aryanism is far from pure. This candor, however, has not discouraged his admirers in Germany, who are now engaged in putting his theories into practice, despite the fact that his final pessimistic conclusion was that Aryan civilization was finished and could never be restored, a somewhat Spenglerian concept. It is an irony that this disgruntled and lonely Frenchman, who died obscurely and alone in Turin, should be the inspiration of post-war pan-Germanism. But not more so than the fact that his greatest friend and benefactor was Tocqueville, who laughed at his theories, yet launched him on the diplomatic career which made his writings possible, in the service of a government which he heartily despised. There must always be something ambiguous in the avatars and exponents of such mass madness as Hitlerism.

ERRATUM

In the December 9 issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, the painting of Swift and Stella reproduced therein was attributed erroneously to Herbert Dicksee. This painting was the work of the late Margaret Dicksee, and is copyrighted by the Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin.

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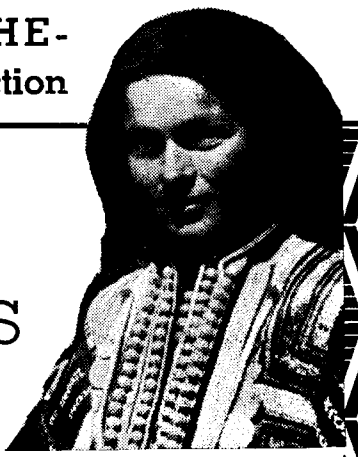

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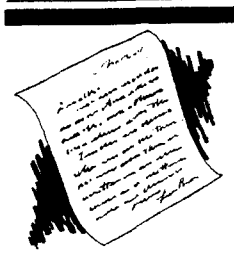

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END OF AN ANCIENT MARINER *G. D. H. & M. Cole* (Crime Club: $2.)	Reader watches Supt. Wilson of Scotland Yard tighten coils about murderer known from start of tale.	Reversal of usual mystery method heightens, if anything, the story's interest.	Very good
THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS *Erle Stanley Gardiner* (Morrow: $2.)	Perry Mason, clever lawyer-sleuth, clears lady with pulchritudinous props from murder charge and nails slippery killer.	Fast paced, thrilling, enjoyably hard boiled—but a bit long drawn out.	Top notch
MURDER MANSION *J. H. Wallis* (Dutton: $2.)	Eccentric old Fannie Bristow dies leaving fortune of 100 millions. Her 4 next-of-kin move into dingy mansion; one suicides by gas, one drowns in bath. Inspector Tacks is suspicious.	Suggested by famous Wendel house, 5th Ave. and 39 St. Dog *Plato* has million-dollar backyard. Good atmosphere of gloom in smelly old house. Denouement a bit extravagant.	Readable

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The New Books

Fiction

THE PRODIGAL FATHER. By Richard Church. Day. 1934. $2.50

Richard Church, it seems, has a staunch little following in England—headed by the ubiquitous Gerald Gould. Evidently the English must relish his treatment of semi-pathological situations and must be ready to forgive him for his rather distressing lack of humor. That his books have a queer intensity is undeniable, but his themes and characters scarcely seem to justify the almost agonized pains he spends upon them. This is even more true of "The Prodigal Father" than it was of "High Summer." Despite occasional arresting flashes of insight it is the kind of novel which exhausts one by its excessive solemnity.

The prodigal of the story is an irresponsible middle-aged musician named George Cromwell who is egregiously ill mated to a pious invalid wife. Mrs. Cromwell—as dreary and uninteresting a martyr as fiction can offer—has infected her son, Robert, with her own religious emotionalism and has likewise inspired in him a mother-complex unhealthy enough to satisfy Dr. Freud himself. As he perfectly realizes, mother and son are subtly leagued against George, and neither makes any effort to share or understand his passion for music. Robert, moreover, hates and resents his father for being somewhat callous to his mother's suffering.

Poor George has a thin time of it—as who wouldn't with so gloomy a home—and it is with fervor that he turns for comfort to a certain beautiful, enigmatic Mrs. Marsh whom he meets by chance in a restaurant. Although mother and son remain ignorant of her relationship with George, Mary Marsh becomes the ministering angel of the Cromwell household and is with Mrs. Cromwell at the time of her sudden death. Ignorant of what has happened, George returns truculent and drunken from a party following a successful concert. When he learns the truth he is overcome with shame and remorse. He departs for Germany, leaving Mary to deal with the distracted and bewildered Robert, to check the flowering of the boy's passion for herself, and to reconcile him spiritually to his father—whom she still loves.

Up to a certain point the psychology of the book is true and just. There is much in the story, however, that is baldly unconvincing. One's final reaction is that Mr. Church meant to write of emotion on a grand scale—dark, passionate, and intricate—but that he lacked the power to carry his idea through. Too often his climaxes are absurd rather than moving, his book dull instead of dramatic.

E. H. W.

Music

TWENTIETH CENTURY MUSIC. By Marion Bauer. Putnams. 1933. $3.

The author of this book has undertaken to show that modern music is not an arbitrary creation out of the void, but that its materials and idioms are derived from the familiar characteristics of eighteenth and nineteenth century compositions. The book is addressed to laymen, and the layman who is prepared to use the numerous musical illustrations will find information in it which will considerably increase his enjoyment and understanding of modern music. The author is successful because she has not been afraid to be technical; and it is only by means of the musical illustrations that she has been able to show the real relationships of the new music to the old. For instance, the genesis of a modern composer's idiom in that of an earlier—as Stravinsky's in Moussorgsky's; the relation of dissonant counterpoint to plain song; the origins of the whole-tone and twelve-tone scales; the demonstration that atonality is not a fetish, but a logical development—these are propositions which must be understood by the concert-goer, even by the radio listener, and it is here that the real value of the book lies. Otherwise it is a collection of program notes and historical data, all of which have their place in relation to the technical information, but will give a superficial impression to the reader who takes them alone. Like many books on music, this one is not very well written; we mention this not in any sense of disparagement, but only to emphasize that it is a book not merely to read, but to use.

G.S.

Religion

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. Harpers. 1933. $1.50.

The pastor of the Riverside Church, New York City, with the possible exception of Father Coughlin of the Shrine of the Little Flower in Michigan, is probably the most powerful and popular preacher, in his pulpit and over the radio, that America possesses. Consequently, a book by him interests far more people than one written by a more ordinary expounder of religion. Dr. Fosdick has written a number of volumes; but here is his first collection of sermons as such. May it not be the last!

Very interesting discourses they are. They show a shrewd understanding of the practical problems of the man in the street and his wife. They are written in a most attractive style, colloquial but not vulgar; with snap and go to them, but never marred by antics designed to attract the groundlings. The preacher believes in God. There can be no doubt of that. He believes in man, too. Perhaps he believes in him a little too much, in the usual fashion of a determined "liberal." It is significant that Dr. Fosdick does not like the word "sin." He prefers to talk, instead, of "unhealthiness of mind and spirit," and as though sin were only a functional disorder. With many people, it is an organic trouble. Such persons will not, perhaps, greatly appreciate these discourses. They will say that Dr. Fosdick's world seems to them a wee bit too simple, somehow. They will miss the note of the mystic, the sense of dependence upon God's power. They will say, possibly, that Paul's "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death, wretched man that I am?" sounds a note the lack of which marks a certain defect in Dr. Fosdick's perceptiveness. They will be wrong too gravely to fault the preacher for this. For those who are of Dr. Fosdick's temperament, the sermons are admirable. Only, it is a temperament which the saints have hardly been fortunate enough to share, and which multitudes of people, many of them intelligent, can not claim to possess today.

B. I. B.

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MOTHER AND DAUGHTER *Ann Lawrence* (Godwin: $2.)	Rental Tripe	Her step-mother, sober, was a lady; two snorts and the ice-man had to lock himself in the box. It was all very distressing to daughter until mother reformed.	Sour
DRAGONS DRIVE YOU *Edwin Balmer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Novel	Jeb Bredon, Chicago broker, pursues cash and lovely Agnes with equal ardor during the hectic days of Insull finance. Then came the crash. Balmer's pace is furious—as it should be in a time-killer.	Good
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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE BOOKSELLERS AND THE NRA

Washington, February 3. It was a surprise to hear that the Commerce Building contains more office space than any other building in the world. Its inception in the activities of the Department of Commerce under Hoover might convey the ironical suggestion of a monument to the prosperity era; instead, the Commerce Building is more active than ever, since it conveniently provides a setting for much of the work of the NRA. It was here that the proposed booksellers' code came up last Saturday for hearing before the Administrators. And if the outcome was evident almost from the first, that did not deprive the occasion of its dramatic quality.

This was, in a way, the first major crisis of bookselling in some thirty years. It was the first time that the booksellers had an opportunity to approach the government to ask for a solution of their principal besetting difficulty. They were represented by Cedric Crowell of the Doubleday shops, Frank Magel of Putnams, the Arthur Brentanos Sr. and Jr., Richard Fuller of Boston, E. S. McCawley of Haverford, Lewis Travers of Trenton, and Alice Steinlein of Wilmington; with corollary reports from Frederic G. Melcher, Cass Canfield, and Virginia Kirkus, and from Arthur H. Stevens of the Methodist Book Concern for the religious bookstores and Jeff Coleman of the University of Alabama for the college bookstores.

No brief report could possibly undertake to discuss the merits of the case of the booksellers against price-cutting. The hearing made it abundantly clear that the matter is one of considerable intricacy, although the booksellers' case was simple. And from the opening speech, by Mr. Brentano Sr., it was forceful; he, and those who followed, unequivocally announced that the price-cutting tactics of department stores have brought the trade to a serious emergency. Cedric Crowell, whose paper was the best we have heard on the subject of price-cutting, developed the major part of the argument, which can be summarized as follows. Few manufactured articles bear a fixed price, established by the manufacturer and printed on the label. Books do. Therefore a department store, wishing to emphasize low prices, cuts the prices of books, particularly best-sellers. (E. g., four New York department stores sold *Anthony Adverse,* wholesale price $1.77 to $2, at $1.77 or less. These four stores sold 70,000 copies of the book.) Books at cut prices are known as "loss leaders"—i. e., articles on which the store loses money, which is charged to advertising; the impression being given that other articles in the store are correspondingly cheap, whereas in reality the loss on books must actually be made up by the profits on other articles. Bookstores, unlike department stores, cannot cut prices on books, as they have no other merchandise on which they can make up the losses. The situation, said Mr. Crowell, has become particularly acute in New York since the adoption of the general retail code (which allows cut prices, but not prices lower than the wholesale price) and it is also spreading throughout the country. The result is that booksellers, faced with this competition which they are unable to meet, are living on their own capital and publishers' credit; this cannot continue much longer, and many of them will go out of business unless price-cutting is stopped. Mr. Crowell cited an opinion of Justice Brandeis to support the contention that price-cutting may create, rather than prevent, monopolies.

Other speakers strongly emphasized the argument that bookstores are not only business establishments, but cultural and social assets. In this connection it was pointed out that many customers now go to bookstores, where they can look at books and get information which helps them to make an intelligent selection, and then go to department stores to buy the books at cut prices.

In short, the booksellers were out to prove that bookstores are sufficiently different from other retail stores to deserve a special code. It was plain from the first that the burden of proof would be heavy. Dr. Kenneth Dameron, the chairman of the hearing committee, opened with the statement that the hearing was to consider three problems: the necessity of the booksellers' separate code; the special clause for hours of employment (this was a minor feature in the discussion), and the advisability of price maintenance, admittedly contrary to the policy of the administration. (Incidentally, we caught the Administrators' names by ear, and apologize for any misspellings.) After Mr. Crowell had read his paper, the chairman stated that the approval of price maintenance would necessarily mean a great increase of governmental supervision over the industry, to an extent which business is not ready to accept. He added that those in favor of price-fixing were apt to oversimplify the issues involved.

The hearing committee, while pursuing an administrative rather than a judicial inquiry, and avoiding technical cross-examination, nevertheless did ask questions and did make comments. In spite of the fact that only one witness in opposition to the proposed code was called during the morning, one felt that the case for the opposition had been fairly well aired before lunch time. Dr. H. H. Maynard, retail adviser to the committee, spoke of the particularly local aspect of the book-price problem, and also remarked that the problem is not peculiar to the book trade. He did, however, recognize that one of the issues is that of which type of service is better for consumers in the long run: the special service of the regular bookseller, or the opportunity to shop for bargains. The representative of the Consumers' Advisory Board admitted no alternatives: he stated that he was opposed to price maintenance unequivocally, and did not take into consideration the argument that what consumers save on cut-price books they lose on the store's other merchandise.

If the hearing served to emphasize the complexity of the price-maintenance problem, it also helped to clarify the issues involved. Those principally discussed were the consumer's best interest; the legal aspects of monopolies; the possibility that price-fixing might be a boomerang, there being nothing to stop the publishers from raising prices, cutting discounts, and thus squeezing out the retailer entirely; and the certainty that price-fixing must lead in the direction of government control. But the underlying issue between the booksellers and the hearing committee seemed to rest in their different conceptions of the bookseller's function. Again and again the booksellers reiterated the cultural and social importance of books, as a claim to consideration for their special code; each time the committee led the discussion back to dollars and cents. Mr. Barr, the legal adviser of the committee, who took the chairman's place during the afternoon, made an ironic apology for "superimposing legal technicalities on this

(*Continued on next page*)

THE BOOKSELLERS' CODE HEARING, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE REAR

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BOUND for the Port of New York with a buoyant Carg of Lyrics, "ARCADIA WHISPERS." Will dock sometime in April. Skipper: Lawrence V. Zeitlmann. Harbor Master—The Galleon Press.

WHY BE LONELY? Send stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

ESTABLISHED "Little" magazine needs several associate editors to contribute $10 monthly. Box 476.

WHERE can booktrade experience (and living expenses) be gained by Harvard A.B., 23? Takes books, and people's wants, seriously (Waples). Courteous, quiet, alert (Park). Reads all reviews and *Publishers' Weekly* (Graham). Box 478.

SECRETARY-COMPANION. 40. Will assume any duty for opportunity to travel. Experienced driver. Fifteen years business experience. Unencumbered.

MISS AESTHETE enjoys planning and serving, in an attractive manner, delicious dishes for fastidious persons. Interested in tea room management. Ideas and experience. No capital. References exchanged. Box 477.

GIRL, 26, university degree, in New York with infinitesimal income, needs a job. Accomplished Aunt, governess, or companion; also editorial, advertising experience. Box 479.

TWO young women, 25 and 31, both Gentiles, would like to know two young men who enjoy an occasional friendly game of contract bridge with conversation on literature and drama as the stakes. Box 480.

IF I CAN convince you on the merits of a certain manuscript and a new method of merchandizing, which will sell at least one hundred thousand copies a year, will you finance the plan to the tune of five thousand dollars and a substantial interest? Box 481.

GOOD Summer Business Opportunity—Fully furnished house, equipped, ready to open as inn, adjacent to popular summer theatre and drama school between Watch Hill and Narragansett Pier. Accommodation for 30 or 40 people, 60 in dining-room. Clientele easily available through personnel of theatre management, casts, and students. 10 acres private grounds, 200 feet private ocean beach, bath houses. To rent for season, or longer lease. Box 482.

ONE exceptionally charming mother, widow, employed, enjoys books, music, theatre, out-of-doors. Has been too busy to make many contacts, but is always ready for new experiences. Isn't there somewhere, in or near Detroit, a young man of 60 or thereabouts with similar tastes, who needs just such companionship? If life begins at 40, why not at 60? Rebellious and conspiratorial Daughter.

YOUNG WOMAN wants contract bridge partner, not a kibitzer, one sport enough to suffer defeat. Box 23.

YOUNG LADY who has charm and a sense of humor is tired of her friends with their blank faces. Is there a gentleman in New York City between the ages of 32 and 38 who still considers living a fine art and withal a musical comedy pleasurable? Miss Lochinvar.

DROPPING RED BLOOD LIKE DEW—Here's one clue—carry on if you dare! READAGRAMS—a new word puzzle thriller for solo or crowd. Prepaid, 50c. "Smiling Cow," Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

REPORTER, 35, desires to correspond with woman interested in literature and travel. A. L. C.

ARE YOU too busy to write speeches, answer fan mail, fuss with detail? Syracusan, 40, college graduate, ex-reporter and depression-hit salesman can lift that load. "Syracusan."

LADY, whose interests include books, adventure, conversation, fireplaces, discussions, movies, desires correspondence, Protestant men over 35. Friendly.

ALL KINDS of manuscripts revised and typed. Experience as author's assistant. Fluent French. Box 499.

WOULD like to exchange correspondence with thoughtful book-readers, modern, mature, unorthodox. DISCONTENTED RECLUSE.

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PERSONALS

WHAT, NO TOASTS? Whither conviviality? Old or original contributions solicited. Leo & Otto.

YOUNG WOMAN, charm, poise, traveled, talks easily, would enjoy mutually stimulating companionship with gentleman of integrity (35-55), New York City. Sonia.

ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY'S "Unmentionables" is fresh and crisp as new lawn after a gentle drench from the skies. And fragrant, as Beau Brummel would say: "With the perfume of clean linen." How sad that my name is among the "unmentionables" in certain alleged Elizabethan professorial circles; and shops. Stuffed shirts! George Frisbee.

IN BOOKS and Bidders, Dr. Rosenbach, author writes: "He eked out a most pitiable existence copying deeds." Eureka. Now it is clear why Pennsylvania labelled Rosy "Maister of the Artes and Doctor of Literature." Some suspected that Doctor had been generous; as he was to Yale, according to the eminent Tucker Brooke. Others felt that Doctor's special knowledge in Spenserian inscriptions won him the honor. George Frisbee.

WHEN Editor Heartman in January American Book Collector writes: "Why don't I mention this club and begin to hang glamour around myself as is done by others so cleverly?", one remembers Gossip Eddie Newton's unctuous effort in January Atlantic. Some entrepreneur is overlooking a strong act: "Ed. and Abe, the I and My Brothers." A swell theme-song for them would be: "Down in a green and shady nook A modest violet grew." George Frisbee.

WOULD you like your portrait in bronze, bust, or basrelief? My fee is modest and can be paid in monthly installments. The National Academy has given me a gold medal, but this does not pay my rent. "Sculptor."

EX-DIPLOMAT, presently Florida, would exchange services for maintenance. Box 368.

TO TRUDIE a Valentine—please. Box 483.

IS THERE a Canadian man between 28 and 35 who reads the *S. R. L.? Young lady* would like proof through correspondence. Box 484.

TEACHER wishes responsible young lady, preferably professional, to share her comfortable three-room apartment. Near Brooklyn Botanical Gardens. Reasonable. Box 485.

YOUNG WOMAN—cultured, sociable, attractive, wishes the acquaintance of gentleman about 40, bachelor or widower. Box 486.

TWO girls, twenty-five years, strangers in New York, keenly interested in bridge, also life in general, would enjoy friendship with men of intellect and humor, providing gentlemen are single. Box 487.

WANTED: The friendship of an attractive gentleman who is interesting, charming, sincere, witty, and altogether good company. 'Twould be an even exchange. Box 488.

WANTED—A man of forty or more who would like to share the enjoyment of walks, art galleries, museums, and occasional theaters and bridge with a cultured, well-educated woman. Box 489.

EDITORIAL office position—reading manuscripts, research, re-write work, etcetera—desired by graduate student of literature. She has worked for two well-known publishers, and types. Box 490.

TWO Mehitables seeking sardonic friendships with entertaining men—30 to 40. Apply singly or en masse. Box 491.

COLLEGE graduate stymied in country high school four years. Who'll help in escape through correspondence? Unattached 25-35 preferred. Box 492.

LADY, intelligent, personable, would like to correspond with gentlemen (over 30), gentile, interested in bridge, dancing, conversation. No misunderstood husbands need reply. Box 493.

VIEWPOINT in danger of becoming lopsided. Reason—profession too exclusively feminine. Interests, music, fishing, sociology (not too seriously). Is there tall American (Christian), 45 to 50, in New York City or vicinity, with similar problem, free to share congenial companionship? Box 494.

INTERESTING gentleman in the thirties correspond with cultured girl of the West. Box 495.

YOUNG man, 25, seeking correspondence with young lady in New York City or suburbs, literary leanings, congenial, sports. Box 496.

UNEMPLOYED man, 25 years old this March, Hitler admirer, Silver Legion member, desires correspondence with middle-west vegetarian young woman. Please write Box 497.

THE URGE to speak French? I know, it is sad; however, don't give up. I have specialized for years in such bad cases and improved the worst. Box 498.

Trade Winds

(Continued from preceding page)

intellectual group." And when the booksellers expressed their confidence—certainly justified by experience—that the publishers would not use price maintenance as an opportunity to squeeze the retailer, he remarked that only a profession of scholars could have such faith.

The committee tried to suggest other solutions for the booksellers' difficulties, repeatedly maintaining that the general retail code should be sufficient, together with the adjustment of publishers' discounts, to solve the retailers' problem. Repeatedly the committee asked whether the ability of department stores to cut book prices must be due to a greater discount extended by publishers—in spite of explanations by both booksellers and publishers that this is not the case, and that the range of customary discounts allows for little variation in retail prices. The booksellers stuck to their guns—price maintenance or nothing.

But the committee wanted evidence—tangible proof that department stores sell books at a loss. In the absence of evidence, the committee assumed that loss leaders are eliminated by the general retail code, and that prices of books can be cut without loss. But the booksellers cannot produce a department store's balance sheet, and if they could, there are ways and ways of cost accounting. The feeling grew that the booksellers could only repeat to the committee what everyone in the book trade takes for granted and none can prove: that the case for price maintenance is a case against unfair competition.

The case for price maintenance was the important thing about the Washington hearing. Unfortunately we have little space left for the various other issues which arose. Mr. Irving C. Fox, representing the National Retail Dry Goods Association, attacked the American Booksellers' Association as being unrepresentative of 3,100 department stores which sell books; 20,000 stationery stores, many of which sell books; and the Lord knows how many drug stores. Booksellers can insist, in reply, that selling a small stock of reprints as a sideline is a different thing from operating a comprehensive book store, which has to stock every book in demand; but to the law, a book is a book, and if you sell school texts and "Tarzan," you are a bookseller. Mr. Melcher read a letter from Will Irwin of the Authors' League in support of the proposed code. Virginia Kirkus inspired some ponderous witticisms from the committee, who considered her very well dressed, and asked if she had ever looked over a Paris model in an expensive shop and then bought a cheap replica elsewhere? Wasn't that the same as what the booksellers complained of? (Later on, the committee mentioned book reviewing as a "unique" stimulation of sales, paralleled in no other business. Have they never heard of *Vogue*?)

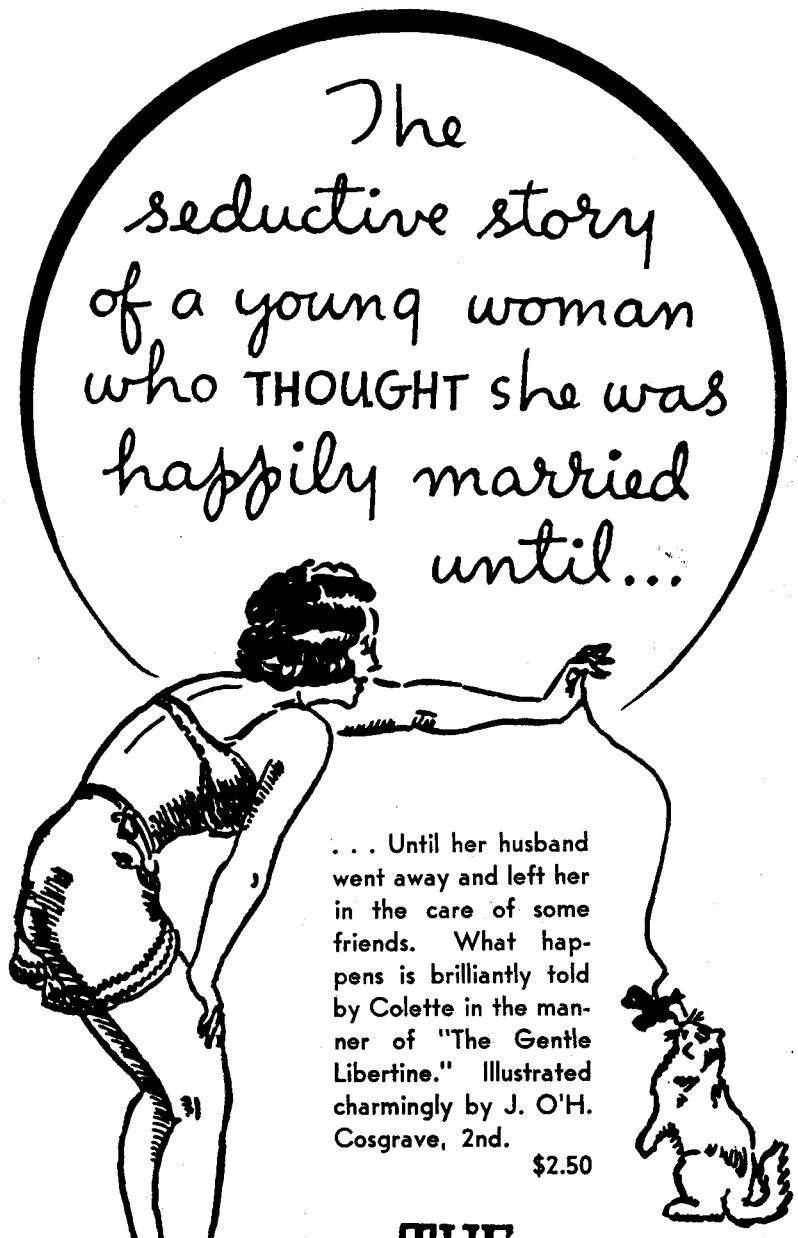
The afternoon session was largely occupied by testimony from subscription publishers and book clubs in support of their claim to be excluded from the retail booksellers' code. (There was considerable difficulty in explaining to the committee what the difference is between the two groups. It's harder than it looks; try it yourself.) The final event was a paper read by Meredith Wood of the Book-of-the-Month Club, advocating that the proposed code be thrown out, for four reasons: (1) it is unnecessary, loss leaders being eliminated by the general retail code; (2) it would be enforced by the A. B. A., other groups having insufficient representation; (3) the argument for price maintenance takes no account of the rental of books, a form of price cutting employed extensively by the booksellers themselves; (4) price-cutting is not in any case what is wrong with the retail book business, the only solution being to increase sales by lowering the price level.

Again, this report is not the place to argue the merits of either side of the case. Their implications were by no means thoroughly explored in the whole of the Saturday session. The essence of the procedure was the dilemma of booksellers and hearing committee: the booksellers simplifying the problem of price control, which the committee maintained to be complex; and the committee simplifying the problem of selling books, which the booksellers maintained to be complex. The booksellers may have relied too much on the assumption that the policy of the NRA is to assist small business men; for they repeatedly emphasized the acute character of the present situation; and repeatedly stated that only those booksellers can remain in business who have private capital or resources to support them. We got the impression, not that the administrators were unsympathetic to the booksellers' plight, but that they remained unconvinced in the absence of definite evidence, statistics of bankruptcies and forced reorganizations. A few lawyers and affidavits might have been all to the good.

The public hearing adjourned about six o'clock Saturday afternoon. The administrators arranged to meet later with a small committee of the booksellers, the purpose being a more concentrated attempt to iron out the differences than was possible in a public hearing. The status now seems to be something like this: the administrators are in sympathy with the booksellers' situation, and are anxious to do all they can to solve it, consistently with the policy of the NRA—that is, anything short of resale price maintenance and hours of labor longer than those provided for in the general retail code. The possibility of a separate schedule for booksellers is not, we gathered, abandoned; but the separate schedule must supplement, not replace, the general retail code. There is apparently a chance for a stronger provision against loss leaders than the general retail code contains: if this develops, it may provide against the sale of books at less than wholesale cost plus a definite percentage allowed for labor and overhead—i. e., the principle of the general retail code somewhat tightened up. This is not the same principle as the maintenance of publishers' list prices.

Meanwhile, the administrators did not indicate that they contemplated seriously the possibility that bookstores may in large numbers be forced out of business. The booksellers had put all their eggs in the price maintenance basket in presenting their case. They attempted to get a ruling against *any* cut in prices, although the point was frequently made (and even once by the booksellers themselves) that while small cuts in prices by department stores may harass the bookseller, it is only a slash in prices that definitely injures him. To the observer, the conclusion presents itself that a compromise position may very likely be found which, while denying the absolute feature of price maintenance, will give the booksellers sufficient protection to keep them in business. There will be bookstores as long as there are consumers who want the service of bookstores; since many readers of this paper can be found among them, the point needs no elaboration here.

What the status of the book clubs and mail-order publishers will be in respect to the general retail code cannot be predicted. But it is probably safe to say that they can take care of themselves.



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